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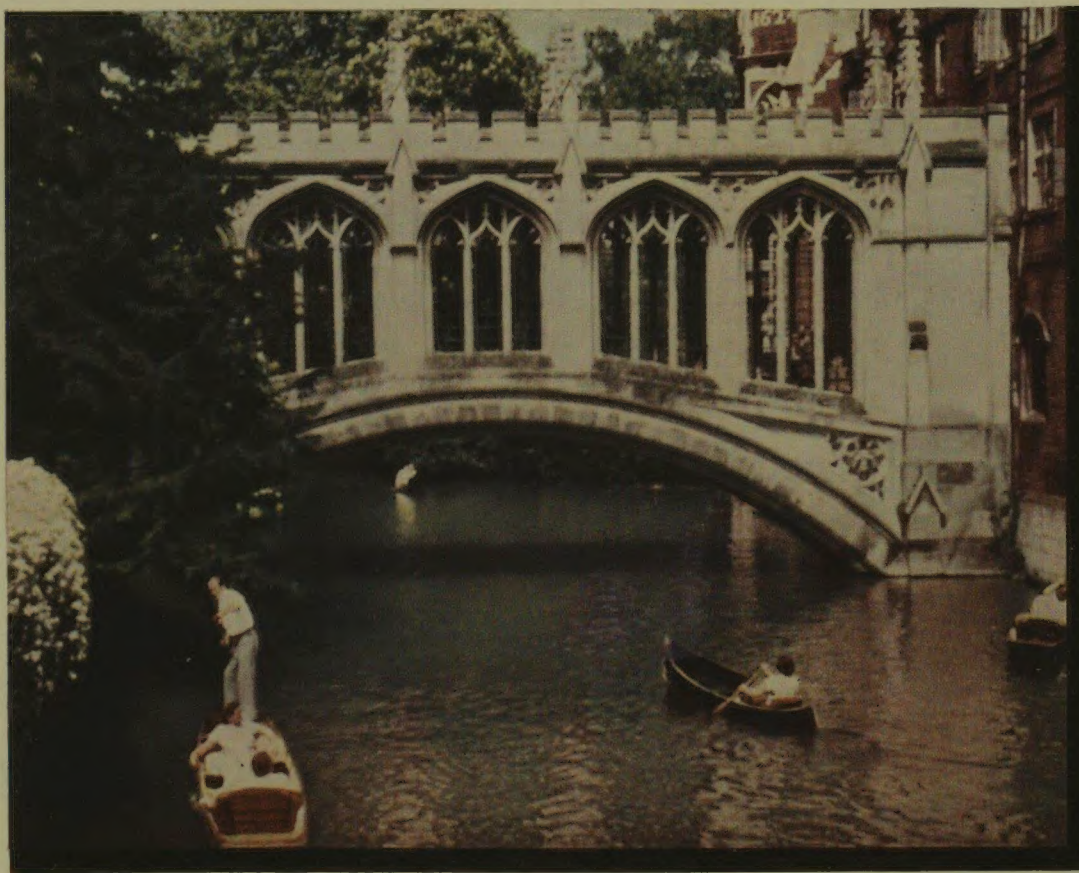
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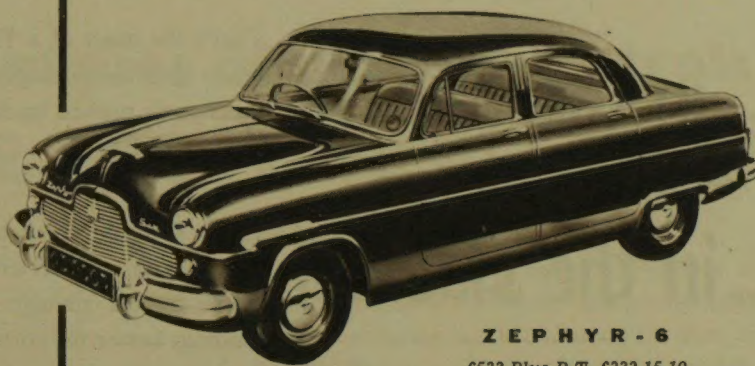
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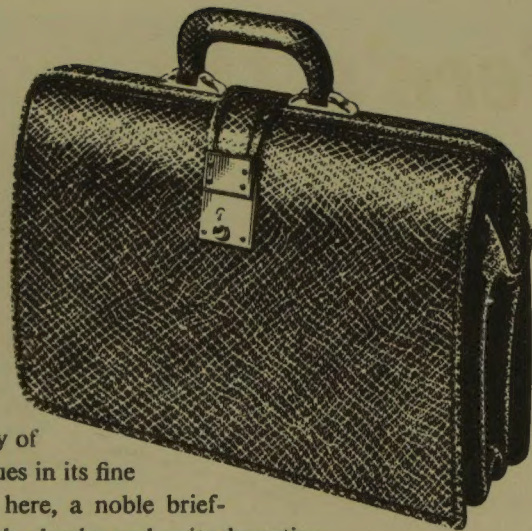
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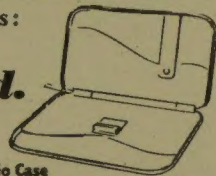
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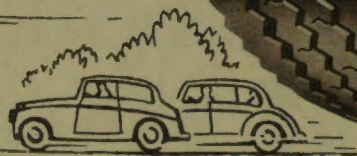
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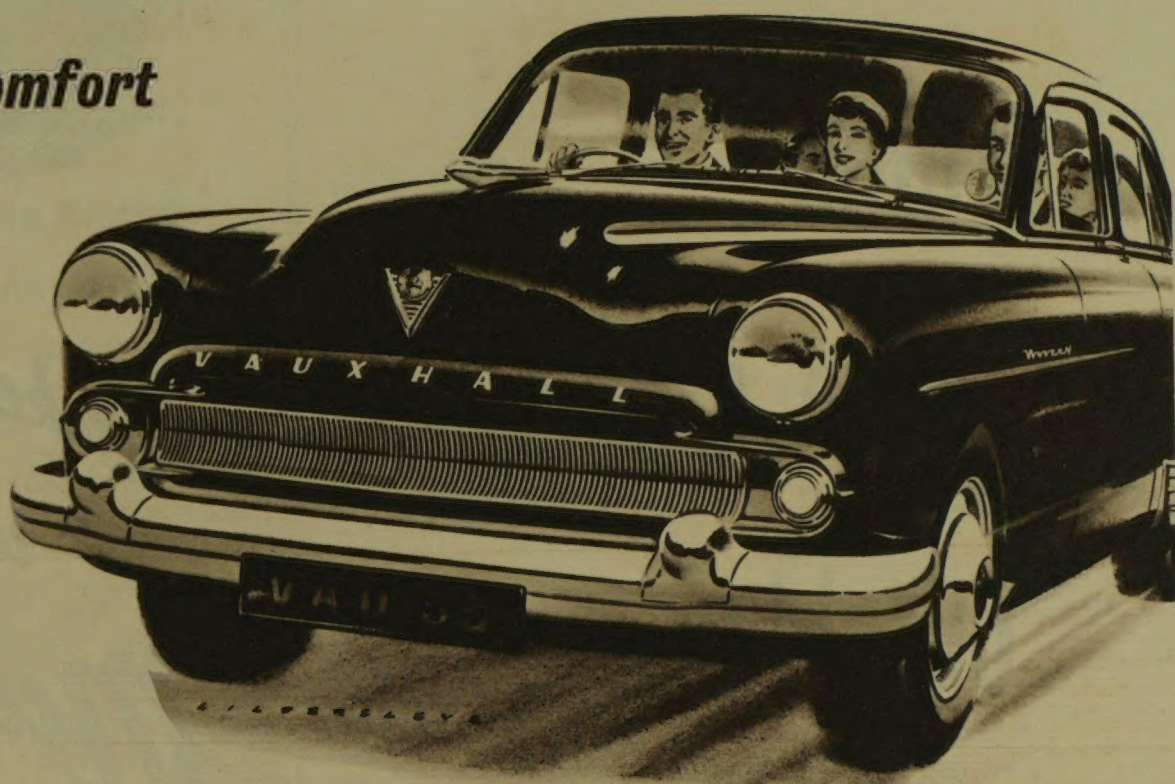
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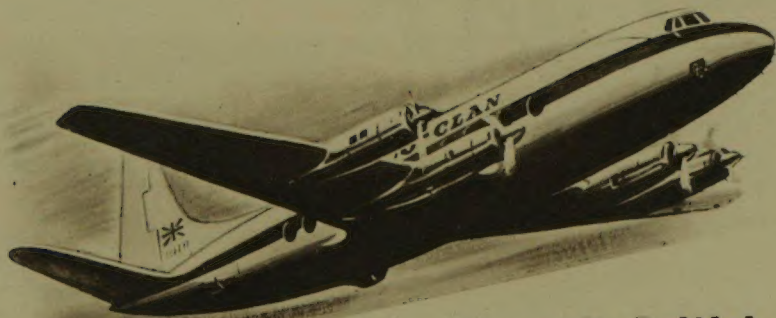
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SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1955.



A "DISASTROUS BUSINESS" WHICH COULD "SMASH UP OUR HARD-WON PROSPERITY": THE OPENING OF THE RAILWAY STRIKE, EPITOMISED IN A GROUP OF IDLE LOCOMOTIVES AT KING'S CROSS.

No sooner was the General Election over than it became apparent that, despite the best efforts of the Prime Minister, the Minister of Labour, the T.U.C., the Transport Commission and the National Union of Railwaymen, the leaders of A.S.L.E.F. (the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen) were determined to proceed with the strike called for midnight, May 28-29, the centre of the Whitsuntide holiday. In the first twenty-four hours there was almost a total standstill on the railways. On May 29 Sir Anthony Eden broadcast to the nation and said that the Government intended to maintain essential supplies and services. On May 31 a State of Emergency was

proclaimed; and road and rail services were strained to the utmost. On June 1 the T.U.C. made a further effort to end the strike and on June 2 it became apparent that the effort had failed. By June 3, although emergency services were increasing in number and efficiency, production in industry was beginning to slow down and it became clear that unless the strike ended soon, many workers in many industries would soon be out of work. On June 5, the Prime Minister gave another broadcast—which was a progress report, an analysis of the strike and a grave warning of its "deadly serious" consequences for the country and its threat to "our hard-won prosperity."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IF all the processes of modern government were as simple and easy as recording one's vote in this well-regulated island, what a frictionless affair civic life would be! To get a broken telephone-instrument mended, to establish contact with the appropriate official in a Government Department over some trifling business matter, even to buy a book of stamps can involve more time and trouble than recording the vote on which the policy of the nation is to depend. All one has to do, if one lives in a town, is to stroll round to the nearest hall or school—usually only a block or two away from one's own home—exchange a friendly greeting, according to one's temperament and notions of civic propriety, with the policeman and the hovering, zealous Party workers at the door, enter the temporary shrine set aside for the sacred democratic rites and, giving one's name to a row of kindly and helpful acolytes seated at a bench and receiving in exchange a small, numbered piece of paper, retire into the box of high decision and there, with a stubby pencil, ordain the future of one's country by a bold St. Andrew's cross—a tactful and grateful reminder, I suppose, of the fact that, though the English may comprise the electoral majority of this island, so many of those who administer its affairs are drawn from the racial élite bred in its inclement but bracing northern extremity. Then, with a slightly furtive expression—for, after all, while promoting the legislator of one's choice, one is consigning his rival or rivals to political extinction—one drops the folded document of state into the decent box provided for the purpose, and, with head erect and a pleasing awareness of having done one's duty, emerges into the waiting and familiar everyday world outside. In that brief minute within, one has governed. No retiring Prime Minister or President, no Sovereign abdicating his kingly state is more conscious of responsibilities, finally and faithfully discharged, than the British elector emerging from the polling booth. Whether, in the modern manner, he fraternises and exchanges confidences with his own particular brand of rosetted constituency worker at the door or, as was the wont of my father's more independent-minded generation, indignantly and triumphantly brushes them aside after an unsuccessful scuffle for his card, he knows that he has done what his country requires of him—his duty. And he has helped—delicious thought—to put some Minister in or out of place. It now only remains for him to wait and see whether his fellow-citizens—or a sufficient number of them—have voted in the same way as himself.

In the old days he had to wait until he could read the initial results in his morning newspaper. He then learnt—unless it was a particularly closely fought contest, in which case he might have to wait for another day or at least the evening paper—the result of the election at a glance. For the past quarter of a century he has been able to receive the news in a far more exciting manner. Ever since 1929—the first General Election after listening to the wireless became a universal habit—he has been able to follow the result as each individual constituency-poll was announced. The night after an election has become a great national sporting fixture, like the Derby or a Test Match. The whole swaying struggle is seen or heard as one sits by radio or television-set in one's home, unless, of course, one belongs to that gregarious school which prefers to be excited in public than in private. Personally, I listen in the utmost privacy, surrounded by charts, coloured pencils and blank sheets of paper. Then, almost as though it was a duty, I record the announcements and figures and make my calculations as to the course of the struggle. After the first dozen results, even after the first two or three, there is usually little difficulty in seeing how the election is going, though the 1950 and 1951 contests were so close that the suspense continued for most of us well into the second day. But even when the result is a foregone conclusion, as it had become this May well before midnight, I can never bring myself to leave my pencils and go to bed until the B.B.C. itself gives up and closes down.

The Corporation, which has added to the nation's gaiety by devising this occasional relaxation, made the present Election results more difficult to follow than earlier ones by indulging its own and the public's—for presumably it knows its business—passion for prattling. Just as it cannot nowadays introduce the simplest piece of music—an extract from a light operetta or an Edwardian ballad—without a running commentary of

miscellaneous information, wisecracks and general patter—so it interlarded its announcement of election-results with a confusing accompaniment of talk about trends and swings. Anyone not completely incapable of elementary arithmetic could deduce for himself the general result after the announcement of the first dozen or so results; by that time it was obvious that the Government was receiving a greater measure of support than in the last election, that it was, therefore, going to increase its majority, but that the extent of its victory was not likely to be anything very dramatic. Those of us who remember the night of the 1931 election, when the capture of the Socialist outposts at Salford prefaced the greatest electoral triumph in parliamentary history—outside, that is, the People's Republics and Hitler's Third Reich of unhappy memory—knew as early as eleven o'clock that no landslide of that kind was going to recur. Nor, indeed, had one ever been in the realm of practical possibility; it had taken eight years of Baldwin's conciliatory and softening-up tactics to make that astonishing Conservative

victory possible, and to-day, after a decade of rather vehement politics—the "Lower than Vermin," not the "Peace in our Time" decade—Party and class alignment was far too rigid for either side to hope to do more than cash in on an opponent's abstentions and capture, in a limited number of marginal constituencies, a few thousand floating votes. What mattered, as one listened with paper and pencil to the election results on May 26, 1955, was to be able to hear clearly and record quickly the exact voting figures in each constituency. In previous elections, however quickly the results came in, this had been easy, owing to the wise practice of confining the night's broadcasting to results and light music. Thus, so long as the band was playing "Whistle While You Work" or "The Pirates of Penzance," one could safely work out the electoral trend or transfer to one's charts and maps the results taken down in pencil! The moment the music stopped one's ears were alerted, and one instinctively got ready to take down the next result. It was like Musical Chairs. This time, however, owing to the Corporation's mania for imparting information, the vocal air was confused and one could never start to analyse the results for oneself or ignore the announcer's gentlemanlike attempts to do so for one with such impartiality that neither side should feel discouraged, without being caught off one's guard, so missing the beginning of the next result. The most irritating interruptions of all came when we were periodically switched over to an ingenious machine—presumably invented by Beachcomber's Dr. Strabismus of Utrecht, "whom God preserve"—which, fed with the constituency returns as they came in, calculated the current percentage of swing, and with it, with a lack of success that might easily have been anticipated by anyone who had ever taken part in that illogical affair, an English election, the final parliamentary majority of the winning Party. At one point in the evening, according to one newspaper account, the enthusiastic crew of this mechanical wonder fed the figures of one Party into the slot intended for those of the other, making confusion even worse confounded. But this may merely have been a good newspaper story and not true!

However, a good time, as they say, was had by all, including the statisticians. And the result, even though not conforming to logic, probably represented the will and opinion of the country pretty accurately. How illogical and incapable of a pedant's analysis were the processes by which the results were arrived at can be seen by taking the returns of two great cities, Manchester and Leicester, in all the constituencies of which, save one, a straight fight occurred between the two main Parties. In Manchester the Conservatives polled more votes than the Socialists yet returned four representatives to the latter's five. In Leicester, where the total Labour poll only slightly topped the Conservative, the former returned three Members to the latter's one. Yet over the country as a whole, the Conservatives, with 13,336,182 votes, returned 344 Members—345 with the Speaker—and Labour, with 12,405,130 votes, only 277 Members. The choice of the majority was made effective and a Government strong enough to govern, but not too strong to dominate, was returned to Westminster. How could a more logical system produce a more practical result, and how can a mere machine be constructed to measure the processes of anything so human and illogical?

A PROPOSED BELLOC MEMORIAL.



THE SHIPLEY WINDMILL, FOR MANY YEARS THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE HILAIRE BELLOC, WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO RESTORE AS A MEMORIAL TO HIM.

The West Sussex County Council has offered to help in the restoration and future maintenance of the Shipley windmill, if a sufficient sum is raised from private subscriptions. The mill, which is a smock mill dating from the nineteenth century, stands not far from the late Mr. Belloc's house, and he himself took the greatest interest in it, maintaining it in excellent condition after he acquired it nearly 50 years ago, until the outbreak of war. A local committee has been formed for the purpose of restoring and maintaining it and it has been proposed that this restoration take the form of a Belloc memorial, with a plaque to that effect set on the mill door. Friends and admirers of Belloc who wish to contribute to this purpose have been asked to send donations to the Honorary Treasurer, The Shipley Mill Fund, Mill House, Coolham, Sussex.

AT BALMORAL, AND IN LONDON, CANTERBURY AND BAYEUX: RECENT ROYAL OCCASIONS.



UNVEILED BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: THE BAYEUX MEMORIAL TO OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE WHO FELL IN THE ASSAULT UPON THE NORMANDY BEACHES OR IN THE SWEEP TO THE SEINE, AND HAVE NO KNOWN GRAVE.



ARRIVING AT THE MEMORIAL IN BAYEUX: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (LEFT) WITH GENERAL GANEVAL, REPRESENTING THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

On Sunday, June 5, the eve of the eleventh anniversary of D-Day, the Duke of Gloucester, President of the Imperial War Graves Commission, unveiled the memorial built by the Commission at Bayeux. On panels of Portland stone are inscribed the names of 1837 fighting men of the armies of the British Commonwealth and Empire who fell in action between the landings on the Normandy beaches in June 1944, and the crossing of the Seine at the end of August, and who have no known grave.



AFTER PRESENTING THE PRINCESS WITH A BOUQUET: THE YOUNGEST BOARDER AT ST. EDMUND'S SCHOOL BOWS LOW. On June 1 Princess Alexandra visited St. Edmund's School, Canterbury, to honour its centenary celebrations. She was welcomed by the headmaster, Mr. W. M. Thoseby (left), and lunched with the boys. Subsequently the Princess attended a service for the Junior Red Cross, of which she is patron, in Canterbury Cathedral.



AT THE NEW WEST INDIAN STUDENTS' CENTRE IN KENSINGTON: PRINCESS MARGARET ADMIRING A HAND-CARVED STOOL. On June 1 Princess Margaret opened the new West Indian Students' Centre, which will provide a London rendezvous for the 2600 students in Britain. Our photograph shows the Princess being shown a stool from British Guiana by Mr. Laurel Francis, of Jamaica, President of the West Indian Students' Union.



AT THE ALUMINIUM EXHIBITION: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKING AT A HEAT-RESISTING SUIT.

On June 3 the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Aluminium Exhibition at the Royal Festival Hall in London, and was subsequently entertained at luncheon by the Aluminium Development Association on board the H.Q.S. Wellington, on the Thames. The Duke was presented with a 12-ft. aluminium speedboat, and a 2-ft. electrically-driven model of it for the Duke of Cornwall.



AT BALMORAL: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TAKING THE SALUTE DURING THE MARCH-PAST AFTER THE QUEEN HAD PRESENTED NEW COLOURS TO THE 1ST BN. THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

On May 30 the Queen presented new Colours to the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, at Balmoral Castle. The only other occasion on which a similar ceremony took place at Balmoral was in 1898, when Queen Victoria presented the first Colours to the 2nd Battalion of the regiment. More than 400 officers and men, with pipe band and military band, paraded on the lawns facing the Castle terrace. The battalion marched past the saluting-base with the new Colours flying. The Duke of Edinburgh, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, was with her Majesty, and the Royal children watched the ceremony.



AT THE JUNE FAIR IN AID OF THE DOCKLAND SETTLEMENTS: PRINCESS MARGARET RECEIVING A BOUQUET.

On June 2 H.R.H. Princess Margaret visited the June Fair in aid of the Dockland Settlements at St. James's Palace. Her Royal Highness was presented with a bouquet by three-year-old Janet Wolfson, grand-daughter of Mr. Isaac Wolfson.

THE DISASTROUS RAILWAY STRIKE, WHICH HAD ITS ROOTS IN INTER-UNION RIVALRY, AND ITS IMMEDIATE EFFECTS.



OFFICERS OF A MOTORING ASSOCIATION PLANNING THE POSITIONING OF EMERGENCY NOTICES AFTER THE METROPOLITAN POLICE DECISION TO CREATE A TEMPORARY RING ROAD ROUND CENTRAL LONDON.



IN THE CENTRAL TRAFFIC CONTROL ROOM AT SCOTLAND YARD—THE NERVE-CENTRE OF LONDON TRAFFIC, WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT IN CHARGE POINTING TO THE MAP.



POLICE FROM THE PORTSMOUTH AND HAMPSHIRE FORCES—SOME OF OVER 1000 PROVINCIAL POLICE BEING DRAFTED TO LONDON TO HELP WITH TRAFFIC PROBLEMS.



CARS PARKED IN HYDE PARK, ONE OF THE ATTEMPTS TO KEEP AS MANY VEHICLES AS POSSIBLE OUT OF CENTRAL LONDON AND SO FREE THE STREETS FOR THE ABNORMAL ROAD TRAFFIC.



During the strike the army provided its own transport; and Wellington barracks was used as a transit centre for soldiers returning from leave. The railway strike which began at midnight on Whit Saturday had its origin in the claim of A.S.L.E.F. (the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen) for a general "differential" or higher rate of pay than the other (and larger) railway union, the National Union of Railwaymen. Although the smaller union, A.S.L.E.F. has among its members the greater proportion of footplate men and was consequently in a strong position as regards a strike. During the Bank Holiday week-end the railways were practically at a standstill, although only a few members of the N.U.R. came out in sympathy with the A.S.L.E.F. strikers. During the first week of the



MAIL FROM THE WEST BEING UNLOADED FROM AN R.A.P. TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT NEAR LEEDS. UNDER EMERGENCY ARRANGEMENTS, THE SERVICES HELPED THE G.P.O.

strike, however, it became possible to organise some sort of train service. On May 31 about 200 passenger and 850 freight trains were run; on June 1, 2270 passenger trains ran and the number of men working had increased by about 2000; on June 2 there were 3624 passenger trains; on June 3 this figure had risen to 4171; and when Sir Anthony Eden spoke on June 5 he was able to state that by this time about 7000 trains were running daily. This figure, however, is only about a sixth of the number run on a normal day; and the strike had caused great hardship to all those normally using the railway to travel to work daily; and was, of course, dangerously threatening those industries which depend on a constant flow of raw materials and finished goods by train. On May 31, under the declaration of a State of Emergency, the Government took certain powers and issued 25 regulations by means of Orders in Council. Some of these relaxed regulations on road vehicles and one simplified third-party insurance of vehicles; others covered the control of gas and electricity, the supply of petrol and the distribution of foodstuffs; others were of a technical nature and one left the way open for Government requisitioning. The Services were empowered to help the G.P.O. with the distribution of mail and a weight was fixed for parcels to be accepted for the mails. London traffic showed signs of becoming overloaded with road vehicles and the police instituted some special traffic and parking arrangements—over 1000 provincial police were temporarily drafted into London to assist in these arrangements. The week-end of June 4-5 was used to make the fullest use of all available transport to move coal and essential goods traffic.



(ABOVE) HOME GUARDS PARADE—THE SCENE OF TROOPING THE COLOUR, CANCELLED (FOR JUNE 9) OWING TO THE RAILWAY STRIKE—HERE SEEN FILLED WITH PARKED CARS. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE STANDS WHICH HAD BEEN ERECTED FOR THE PARADE.



THANKS TO THE RAILWAY STRIKERS: THE LONG HOMEWARD JOURNEY FOR CITY WORKERS. A TYPICAL EVENING QUEUE FOR THE BUSES IN FARRINGDON STREET DURING THE STRIKE.



THE LUCK OF A LIFT HOMEWARD—ALTHOUGH ON A LORRY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN TOLEY STREET, NEAR LONDON BRIDGE, CROWDED WITH CITY WORKERS WAITING FOR BUSES.

RETURNING TO LONDON AFTER A WHITSUN HOLIDAY RUINED BY THE RAILWAY STRIKERS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE ROAD TRAFFIC ON THE KINGSTON BY-PASS.

CEREMONIES AND OCCASIONS, PROTECTING VICTORY, AND A CAIRO FIRE.



PART OF THE COURTYARD OF THE RE-OPENED STAPLE INN, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY A FLYING BOMB IN 1944 AND HAS NOW BEEN RE-BUILT. The courtyard of Staple Inn, which lies behind the famous Elizabethan frontage in Holborn, has now been re-built, with all its sixteenth-century charm. It is the property of the Prudential Assurance Co., and it is again being occupied by the Institute of Actuaries. The re-opening was performed by Sir Hartley Shawcross.



OPENED BY THE P.R.A., PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON: THE NEW CRYPT ART ROOM OF LANCING COLLEGE, FROM SOUTH TO NORTH, WITH EXHIBITS AND STUDENTS.

The art room of Lancing College was recently transferred from a hatted classroom to the large west crypt under the school's fine chapel. The room, which has an area of 1950 square feet, is whitewashed with panels of yellow and red and window recesses of shell blue. Volunteers from the boys helped in the transformation of the crypt.



PROTECTING THE TIMBERS OF H.M.S. VICTORY: SHIPWRIGHTS DOING A SERIES OF 6000 BORINGS IN ORDER TO TEST AND PLAN THE CONDITION OF THE WOOD. DURING MAY THE SHIP WAS SEALED AND FUMIGATED AGAINST THE DEATH-WATCH BEETLE.



THE FIRE WHICH PREVENTED THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL TOURIST ART EXHIBITION IN CAIRO BEING HELD: THE BLAZING LUTFALLAH PALACE. A section of the Lutfallah Palace, Cairo, where the second International Tourist Art Exhibition was due to have been opened by Col. Nasser on June 1, was destroyed by fire on May 31. Art exhibits from twenty-five countries were burned, and the damage to exhibits is estimated to amount to from £3000 to £4000.



SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY CHARTER DAY: THE CHANCELLOR, LORD HALIFAX (SEATED), LISTENING TO THE MASTER OF THE CUTLERS' COMPANY READING AN ADDRESS. Sheffield University, which began its jubilee year in October 1954, celebrated Charter Day, May 30, with a service in the Cathedral and the opening of a new playing-field. In Cutlers' Hall, the Chancellor received an address of congratulation read by the Master of the Company, Mr. W. G. Ibberson.



THE FIRST FLIGHT OF A BRISTOL BRITANNIA TO BELFAST—TO SHOW THE AIRCRAFT TO SHORT'S WORKERS, DISTINGUISHED PASSENGERS AND OFFICIALS. Our group, taken on June 2, when a Bristol Britannia flew to Belfast, shows (l. to r.) Rear-Admiral Sir M. Slattery, Chairman Short Bros. and Harland; Lady Verdon Smith; Sir R. Verdon Smith, of the Bristol Aeroplane Co.; Lady Slattery and Captain E. Mill, R.N. Shorts are to build fifteen Britannias.

A FLYING-BOAT CRASH OFF EASTBOURNE, IN WHICH FOUR MEN LOST THEIR LIVES.

AN R.A.F. *Sunderland* flying-boat crashed into the sea off Eastbourne on June 4 after circling the town on the occasion of the opening of the Jubilee Conference of the R.A.F. Association. Four of the occupants, including the captain, were killed, and of the ten others, two were seriously hurt and eight slightly injured. Two R.A.F. launches went out immediately and the pleasure-boat *William Allchorn* and the Eastbourne lifeboat were launched. The R.A.F. launches picked up three injured men, who were taken to hospital, the *William Allchorn* picked up six more and the lifeboat rescued another. A theory that the flying-boat had fouled a cable attached to a submerged wreck was later disproved. Royal Navy frogmen, flown by helicopter from Gosport, searched the wreckage and recovered four bodies. Shortly after the crash a helicopter carrying the Duke of Edinburgh to the Jubilee Conference of the R.A.F. Association, of which he is president, passed close to the wreckage of the *Sunderland*, and the Duke later asked for a report on the condition of the survivors.



AFTER THE CRASH OFF EASTBOURNE, IN WHICH FOUR MEN WERE KILLED: THE WRECKAGE OF THE R.A.F. *SUNDERLAND* FLYING-BOAT BEING HAULED ASHORE AS FIREMEN AND RESCUE WORKERS STAND BY.



HELPING IN THE RESCUE OPERATIONS: ROYAL NAVY FROGMEN, WHO WERE FLOWN TO THE SCENE BY HELICOPTER AND WHO RECOVERED FOUR BODIES FROM THE WRECKAGE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN WHILE THE FLYING-BOAT WAS BEING HAULED ASHORE AND BEFORE IT BROKE UP (SEE TOP PHOTOGRAPH).

THE MAN WHO WAS DON QUIXOTE.

"CERVANTES: ADVENTURER, IDEALIST AND DESTINY'S FOOL"; By SEBASTIAN JUAN ARBÓ.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"DON QUIXOTE" is one of the most famous books in the world. Amongst educated people it is taken for granted that it has been read: like the "Iliad" and Spenser's "Faerie Queene." I think that the assumption errs on the generous side. Many people, I believe, have galloped through the early, funny chapters of "Don Quixote" and quailed before the second part; and many, also, have been beguiled, because of the music, through the earlier parts of Spenser, and then become daunted by the allegory. This new Spanish book about Cervantes may not only send people back to "Don Quixote," but may induce them to take an even deeper interest in the later part of it than in the earlier. For Don Quixote was Cervantes.

Until recently the custom was to regard Cervantes as a man who was laughing at, or "debunking" the old books of chivalry. It has now been realised that he was wholly on the side of the Knights-Errant. His own life was brave and unfortunate. He fought at Lepanto, and lost a hand there. He was a prisoner of the Turks for five years in Algiers, punished for several attempts at escape, and witnessed the foulest tortures of fellow-prisoners. He returned to Spain minus a hand, and struggled and struggled for a living, let alone fame. He made incredibly bad contracts with publishers (the Society of Authors would never have passed them), he vied unsuccessfully with the triumphant Lope de Vega as a dramatist, and he died, so far as he knew, a defeated man. "Sub specie aternitatis" he was not a defeated man. His last written words were: "Good-bye, all that is charming, good-bye, wit and gaiety, good-bye, you merry friends, for I am dying, and wishing to see you soon contented in another life!" He had fought the good fight. But, Quixote as he was, he would never have admitted that he had lost it. In the end he hasn't.

There are large gaps in his life, like the blank spaces in old maps, which are inscribed with the letters "Terra Incognita." Certain years of Cervantes' life, in this book, are conjectured with words like "Probably," "Possibly" and "No doubt"—terms with which we are familiar in the established "lives" of Shakespeare, of whose diurnal life hardly anything is really known. But of Cervantes' life as a prisoner, as an unsuccessful Civil Servant, and as an unsuccessful author, much is known. It is evident that, like Don Quixote, he always did his best, and that, like Don Quixote, he was always out of luck. His book might almost have been his autobiography. His Dulcinea was his Beatrice: but there we come to something in the realm of dreams.

That renowned, if laconic, bard "E. Clerihew" wrote:

The Spaniards think Cervantes
Worth half-a-dozen Dantes:
An opinion resented bitterly
By the people of Italy.

It was high-spirited, and not meant to be taken seriously. But there is something to be said for the view of the Spaniards as expressed in this terse ditty. Dante's measure was marmoreal, his expression crystalline, his music sweepingly majestic, and some of his phrases radiant in their revelation of eternal truths. But, in face, as in attitude and pronouncement, he had something about him of the Hanging Judge.

He would have dismissed Don Quixote as an ineffective ass and Sancho Panza as a mere vulgar buffoon. Dante fought in battle; Dante lived in exile; Dante, like Cervantes, knew the bitterness of "climbing up another's stairs" in order to get a modicum of patronage and bread; Dante, had he been imprisoned, and had the threat of torture and death hanging over him for years, would have exhibited all the fortitude of Cervantes. But, for all his strictness about human fallibility (and he was as stern, to himself as to others, as a Grand Inquisitor), he lacked humanity and he lacked humour. We may envisage the difference by imagining our own Shakespeare confronted with them. Shakespeare would have admired Dante's art, compre-

jolarity, ideals preserved after the loss of illusions, and adventurous curiosity about unexplored realms where dwelt:

Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

For between Shakespeare and Cervantes there was much in common.

I can picture them dining together: Shakespeare prosperous, because England was on the rise and he tempered his rashness with prudence, and Cervantes shabby, because, with his works being translated all over Europe he hadn't the faintest notion as to how to make a sensible contract with a publisher. But as I see them, sitting at Ye Olde Oake Table with their

tankards of sack, I see with them the two immortal knights of their creation, Sir John Falstaff and Sir Quixote de la Mancha. While the principals were talking, with perfect understanding, their subsidiaries would have found it difficult to understand each other. Quixote had charged his windmills, thinking them ogreish giants: his mistake does not rob him of his heroism. Falstaff, on the other hand, had fought countless "rogues in buckram," who didn't exist, and who he knew didn't exist: his desire was to boast and to survive. Don Quixote, with his obstinate belief in other people's honesty, would probably have challenged Falstaff to a friendly joust, thinking him a very perfect gentle English knight. "Not if I know it" would have been Falstaff's thought. He would have passed him off to Nym or Bardolph; and Don Quixote, alas, wouldn't have known the difference. He would still have been tilting against some tremendously noble English Knight.

The translator says that she has cut certain passages out of the Spanish original of this book. Whether her cuts are good or not I cannot say, as I have not seen the original. But the thing, in spite of faults in the English, is a whole in itself. There are pages on which we lose sight of Cervantes, and are occupied with the affair of Perez and the Princess of Eboli, or with the Spanish background to the Armada (there were two sides to that affair, as English schoolboys are not usually taught), but Cervantes was mixed up with it all: occasionally going to prison for muddling his accounts as a collector of what, in this country later on, was to be called Ship-Money. But the book, after all, was primarily written for a Spanish public.

It will do for a British public. The great book received an early welcome here: before Cervantes died, it had been translated into several languages, including English:

when he was old a French Delegation came to Spain and, to the astonishment of the natives, asked to see the author of "Don Quixote," and found him living in penury. After all his wars, wounds, imprisonments and malignings, he died penniless. It was a suitable end for Don Quixote: a Frenchman said that if utter poverty and misery resulted in such great works, it would be a good idea were Cervantes to remain in that condition. Authors can hardly be expected to think that way.

The "jacket" of the book, powerfully reminiscent of early seventeenth-century title-pages, is one of the best which I have ever seen: but I think there should have been an index.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1074 of this issue.

FIGHTING A FLOATING PLANT MENACE IN CEYLON.



IN CEYLON, WHERE SALVINIA IS SERIOUSLY THREATENING AGRICULTURE: A VIEW OF TITTAWELA TANK, IN THE KURUNEGALA DISTRICT, SHOWING THE HEAVY SALVINIA INFESTATION BEFORE SPRAYING WITH SHELL WEEDKILLER. THE SPRAYING EQUIPMENT (FOREGROUND) IS MOUNTED ON A SPECIAL PONTOON SO THAT ALL PARTS OF THE TANK CAN BE EASILY REACHED.

The Government of Ceylon are considering the expenditure of £75,000 a year for the next five years on a weedkiller for the eradication of Salvinia, a rapidly-spreading water weed which is seriously threatening agriculture in that country and may also menace public health by causing the stagnation of water and the formation of breeding-grounds for insects. In 1939 Salvinia was brought into Ceylon for botanical studies and the small portions which were discarded after study survived and formed new plants in the waterways. Within thirteen years the weed spread over at least 25,000 acres, choking-up paddy-fields, irrigation canals, streams and reservoirs. Salvinia, a free-floating fern with no true roots, is, when mature, a mass of hairy leaves on fragile stems. Young leaves and buds are easily detached from the main plants, and grow rapidly to form dense areas of foliage. In other parts of the world where it occurs Salvinia is presumed to be kept under control by natural competition, but these competitive plants do not appear to exist in Ceylon. Salvinia is resistant to most herbicides, but after months of research, with the active co-operation of the Ceylon Ministry of Agriculture, Shell Petroleum Company have evolved a product, formulated with petroleum, which has been completely successful in clearing large areas from infestation.

hended his intellect, and respected his rectitude, but he would hardly have asked him to come round the corner and "have one" with the English songsters at the Mermaid—and if, out of mere civility to a foreign guest, he actually did take the plunge, he would have been chilled, among all those barrels of sack, by the grim reply: "A tonic water, if you don't mind," and puzzled as to how to reconcile that with "Love which moves the sun and the other stars."

But with Cervantes—his contemporary, who died in the same year as he, but didn't, alas, live long enough to be painted by Velasquez—it would be quite another matter. He and Shakespeare would have had so much in common. Had they met, at the Mermaid or the Boar's Head, they would have "heard the chimes at midnight," so much would they have had in common in the way of suffering, gaiety, tenderness,

* "Cervantes: Adventurer, Idealist and Destiny's Fool," By Sebastian Juan Arbó. Translated by Ilsa Barea. (Thames and Hudson; 21s.)



(ABOVE.) "THE FIVE SACRED TREASURES OF THE SNOWS": MOUNT KANGCHENJUNGA (28,146 FT., RIGHT), ABOUT EIGHTY MILES EAST OF EVEREST. [Royal Geographical Society photograph.]

ON June 2 the news was published that members of the British Kangchenjunga Reconnaissance Expedition had reached the summit of the mountain, "less five vertical feet," on May 25—exactly two years after the conquest of Everest—and that all was well. At the time of writing, the members of the successful assault party were not known, but the members of the party were Mr. Charles Evans (the leader), Mr. George Band, Mr. Norman Hardie, Mr. John Jackson,

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) THE BRITISH KANGCHENJUNGA EXPEDITION. (FRONT ROW, L. TO R.) MR. N. MATHER; MR. J. JACKSON; MR. CHARLES EVANS (LEADER); MR. J. BROWN. (STANDING, L. TO R.) MR. A. STREATHER; MR. N. HARDIE; MR. G. BAND; DR. J. CLEGG; AND MR. T. MACKINNON.



[Continued.] Mr. Tom Mackinnon, Mr. Tony Streather, Mr. Joe Brown, Mr. Neil Mather and Dr. John Clegg, and the chief Sherpa was Dawa Tensing. Until this moment Kangchenjunga was the highest unclimbed peak in the world and the world's third highest mountain, Everest and K2 alone being higher. Kangchenjunga, "the Five Sacred Treasures of the Snows," is 28,146 ft. high and stands on the frontier of Nepal and Sikkim. It is regarded as sacred by the Sikkimese, and it was out of respect for their feelings that the expedition undertook not to stand on the very summit, but only to approach so near that no obstacle should stand between the climbers and the top. When the news was received, the Duke of Edinburgh, the patron of the Expedition, sent Mr. Evans a telegram of congratulations. Sir John Hunt, the leader of the victorious Everest Expedition, had previously said that "those who first climb Kangchenjunga will achieve the greatest feat in mountaineering."

"THE GREATEST FEAT IN MOUNTAINEERING" ACHIEVED: THE CONQUEST OF KANGCHENJUNGA BY THE BRITISH EXPEDITION.

COMMENTS on the Soviet Russian visit to Belgrade have been many and varied. The most kindly observers have taken its significance to lie in an attempt on the part of Marshal Tito to improve the prospects of peace and coexistence, as well as to emphasise his independence, on which, they point out, he has always insisted. At the other extreme there has been talk of selling the pass. Interpretations between these two versions have also been common. Relatively few commentators have been willing to say that they do not know what has happened, which would be nearest to the mark. The fact that the preliminaries were surrounded with so much secrecy that no one outside a limited official circle had any notion when the Russians were coming, gave the business a rather sinister air. Yet this may easily be exaggerated. Affairs of this sort, in which Russian delegations are involved, are often enough begun, if not also finished, in mystery.

The general public tends to forget, what diplomatists and Press-men remember clearly, that Marshal Tito and the Government of Yugoslavia did not make their present position but had it made for them by Russian action. Marshal Tito did not walk out and Yugoslavia did not cease to be a Russian satellite as a matter of choice. They were driven out. For a brief moment, indeed, they pleaded to be allowed to return to the fold. On the other hand, finding the gate locked, they realigned their policy. Aid to the Greek Communists in the Bandit War stopped. Relations with Greece slowly improved. Yugoslavia entered a defence pact with Greece and Turkey, members of N.A.T.O., though without joining that treaty herself. She accepted aid from the United States. Yet Marshal Tito did not cease to point out that he did not believe in *blocs* and that his country would not enter one. Of late his position has been shifted closer to the centre, if not beyond.

Whatever else is to be said about the Russian visit to Belgrade, no one can be in doubt about its importance; it has certainly been at what is called "the highest level," and obviously undertaken on the Russian side with serious objects in view. It is characteristic of the more enterprising type of policy which has been pursued since the present Soviet Government came into power. It is concerned with the programme of coexistence, which may be either designed for permanence or a temporary expedient. But it is something more than that. We must take it for granted that the Russians have not been proposing coexistence to Yugoslavia in the same sense that they have been discussing it with, say, the United States. They have been aiming at doing something in Belgrade which they could not hope to do in Washington or at a four-Power conference as regards the United States. Their object has been to detach Yugoslavia from her recent friends. Almost certainly, it has been the continuation of a policy begun with Austria, a policy of neutralisation.

It seems to me that this word may be the key, for the moment at least, to Russian European policy to-day. It was entirely successful with Austria, though this was probably of all European countries the easiest to neutralise. It has so far been entirely unsuccessful with Western Germany, but, as I wrote here recently, it has not been abandoned in that direction. It possesses obvious attractions, especially when the State concerned welcomes it, as was the case with Austria. Soviet Russia may be looking forward hopefully to extending it farther west. But it is a one-sided policy. Czechoslovakia would be highly suitable for the experiment. Can we expect to find her name on the list while the Russians are feverishly digging fissionable material out of her soil? The very question is childish. Then there is Hungary, where neutralisation might not be unwelcome. There has been no talk of it there. Where this policy is pursued it will be because it suits Russia, though that does not necessarily imply that it is vicious in all respects. The results were not in Austria.

The Soviet Government took some pains to prepare the way. An article in *Pravda* amounted almost to a wooing of—shall we say?—a divorced spouse? The theme was the striking similarity between the ideals and ways of life of the two countries. This does not appear to have been received with any enthusiasm in Yugoslavia. The utterances of Marshal Tito were more surprising. He stated that the advocates of atomic warfare were becoming more vociferous, on which one can say only that, if this is so, their voices have not penetrated to our country. He said, clearly with reference to dislike of the talks expressed in the United States, that Yugoslavia did not accept aid given on

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE RUSSIAN VISITORS TO BELGRADE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

conditions. As to this, no country is likely to be so foolish as to afford military aid to another which adopts a policy hostile to its own. It cannot, however, be said that Marshal Tito has shown signs of that.

Even if he wanted to, of which there is no proof, he cannot afford to ignore public opinion. The people of Yugoslavia may not be markedly enthusiastic about the United States, of which they know little; but they are unenthusiastic about the Russians, and especially their Army, of which they have a lively recollection. The first news of the proposed visit was received with an uneasiness which in some quarters approached dismay, because people thought that the Russians were returning. That mood passed, but only because Marshal Tito went out of his way to emphasise that nothing of the sort was to be expected. He announced

for union with Cyprus, but these countries are also bound together by N.A.T.O. and it cannot be imagined that their solidarity is in danger.

There can be few military secrets for partners in N.A.T.O. The link between Greece and Yugoslavia, and, indeed, that between Turkey and Yugoslavia, are of a different nature. Here the degree of frankness must depend on the degree of friendliness between the States bound by the pact. It would be possible for relations to become less close, and if they did the sharing of military secrets would be less liberal. I am, it will be seen, taking an objective view of the matter and not allowing my summary of it to be coloured by sentiment. It does not look to me as though this pact were at present one which could be described as a warm alliance, but this is not to say that it has not a useful future before it. Its chief author was the Greek Prime Minister, Field Marshal Papagos, and he has hitherto continued to believe that it is serving a good purpose.

On the particular point of the attitude of Marshal Tito, I would give the following opinion, admittedly speculative. He is indeed moving a little farther away from his friends of the West. He has been struck by the arguments of those who refuse to take sides, notably Mr. Nehru. He finds the doctrine of coexistence appealing and believes that it can be put into practice where his country is concerned. He has always been genuinely anxious to preserve his independence and not to put himself into either camp unless he should be attacked. He does not intend to neutralise Yugoslavia. He desires to keep her armed, though he has announced that he hopes to reduce the numerical strength of the Army. He will maintain Communism, without the help of which he might himself be thrown out. On the other hand, the probabilities are that he has no present intention of abandoning altogether the policy which he has lately pursued and that he does not contemplate a betrayal. But no one would care to carry prophecy on this subject far into the future.

To conclude with a glance at the prospects of a successful Russian campaign in favour of neutrality, it should be noted that in the big and most vital wars, it is harder for great Powers to remain neutral than for small ones. In both the world wars of this century some small States preserved a neutrality originating either in choice or in international agreement. No great Power did so in either war. Even a secondary Power might find it very hard to achieve. There are no lacking spokesmen, some of them politicians, who guardedly advocate neutrality for France; but for her, neutrality would almost inevitably mean folding her arms and letting the most powerful combatant have its will. Switzerland has twice avoided being fought over, but it is doubtful if France could ever do that. A nation in her situation might escape the greater part of the mortality of a combatant, but it would be at the price of becoming the helot of the strongest.

The second factor is the geographical situation. That of Switzerland and Spain was favourable to the preservation of neutrality if the Governments desired it, and in each case it was preserved. The third is the course of the war, which cannot be foreseen. How many—except Ludendorff in old age—foresaw the great African conflicts of the Second World War? The fourth is the political soundness of the country. With these points in mind, we shall see that Austria represented a natural starting-place;

that Yugoslavia is probably not expected to be ripe for neutralisation in such a sense; and that, if the policy is to be continued, Italy, split from top to bottom, with a weak Government, and a recent resurgence of Left-wing strength, might well be the next to be approached. The best prospects of preserving peace, and thus of avoiding the horrors of war in individual cases, lie in promoting measures of disarmament. That can be done only by the great Powers, but they need the assistance of their friends. It is the great Powers which have most to lose. Nothing could be more fantastic than the assumption hidden in some of Marshal Tito's less-balanced utterances, that the United States and Britain are trying to drag the smaller nations into war or into a position where they will be more exposed to the danger of war.



STANDING TO ATTENTION WHILE THE RUSSIAN AND YUGOSLAV NATIONAL ANTHEMS WERE PLAYED: SOVIET LEADERS WITH MARSHAL TITO IN BELGRADE. (L. TO R., FRONT) MR. MIKOYAN, A RUSSIAN FIRST DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER, MARSHAL BULGANIN, MARSHAL TITO AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV. IN A DARK SUIT AT THE BACK (CENTRE) IS MR. GROMYKO.



ENTERTAINING THEIR RUSSIAN GUESTS IN THE WHITE PALACE, BELGRADE: MARSHAL TITO (CENTRE) AND HIS WIFE. MR. KHRUSHCHEV (EXTREME LEFT) AND MARSHAL BULGANIN (EXTREME RIGHT) LISTEN ATTENTIVELY WHILE THEIR HOST SPEAKS.

The talks in Belgrade between Marshal Tito and members of the Soviet Government, led by Mr. Khrushchev, Secretary of the Russian Communist Party, and Marshal Bulganin, the Russian Prime Minister, reached their culmination on June 2 when, after a week of intensive discussion punctuated by sightseeing tours, the two countries signed a declaration of friendship and co-operation. This calls for the "normalisation" of relations between Russia and Yugoslavia, and provides, among other things, for the expansion of economic and cultural ties. The principle of "peaceful coexistence" is prominently stated, and reference is also made to the desirability of admitting Communist China to the United Nations and to the repatriation of each other's nationals. The declaration was signed by Marshals Tito and Bulganin; Mr. Khrushchev, the official leader of the Russian delegation, did not sign, a fact which is thought to indicate the inter-state, as opposed to inter-party, nature of the talks.

firmly that Yugoslavia would not join the Eastern bloc, as the West seemed to fear, but would maintain an independent policy. The Press denied with anger and scorn that there was any intention of breaking away from the Balkan pact. It was only then that spirits revived and that people viewed the visit with calm nerves.

On its very eve the recently-appointed Chief of the Greek General Staff, General Dovas, was in Belgrade, engaged in military conversations. The Greeks have always expressed the view that, within the limits of the pact, Marshal Tito's attitude is not essentially different from that in which he entered it. If they have felt anxieties on that score they have been successful in hiding them. My own impression is that, if they have become in a sense disillusioned about the

THE TRAGIC TOLL OF U.S. TORNADOES: SCENES IN THE DEVASTATED CENTRES.



ONCE A COMMUNITY WITH A POPULATION OF 750: THE COMPLETELY DEVASTATED TOWN OF UDALL, KANSAS, AFTER THE TORNADO OF MAY 25 HAD SWEEPED OVER IT.



THE ONLY BUILDING LEFT STANDING IN UDALL MAIN STREET, WITH, IN FRONT OF IT, WRECKED MOTOR-CARS AND (FOREGROUND) RESCUE WORKERS AND POLICE.



DEVASTATION IN BLACKWELL, OKLAHOMA, WHICH, WITH UDALL, WAS THE MOST SERIOUSLY-HIT CENTRE: MOTOR-CARS BURIED UNDER THE REMAINS OF A HOUSE.

A series of tornadoes, known in America as "twisters," swept across three south-western States of the United States—Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas—on May 25, doing enormous damage. The two worst-hit communities were Udall (population 750), Kansas, which was practically wiped out, and Blackwell (population 8500), Oklahoma, some 80 miles south-east of Udall. At Blackwell an area some half a mile square was completely flattened out, and the loss of life was considerable, fifteen dead being reported, while 500 were injured. Udall suffered even more



RECALLING A SURREALIST FANCY: THE REMAINS OF A CAR AFTER THE TORNADO'S FORCE HAD HURLED IT AGAINST A TREE AT UDALL, SUSPENDING ONE TYRE HIGH UP AGAINST THE TRUNK.



THE RELIEF WORK IN PROGRESS AT UDALL: TENTS WERE IMMEDIATELY PUT UP TO PROVIDE SHELTER FOR THE HOMELESS, WHO WERE EVACUATED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.



THE WORK OF MERCY: VOLUNTEERS ASSISTING AN ELDERLY WOMAN WHO HAD BEEN INJURED AT BLACKWELL, AND WHO IS SEEN LYING AMID WRECKED FURNITURE.

severely, as there were 74 known dead and 200 injured in that small community. Other towns and hamlets were damaged, but in only two of these, Oxford, near Udall, and Sweetwater, Oklahoma, was there loss of life. At the time of writing, the death-roll in the affected areas is 94. Relief work was immediately undertaken. Red Cross headquarters were set up in Arkansas City, Kansas, while President Eisenhower authorised the use of Federal funds for relief. Rescue squads worked through the night following the disaster, and saved people trapped in wreckage.

RESURGENS: CASSINO AND ITS FAMOUS ABBEY RISE AGAIN FROM THE RUINS.



THE ROAD TO NAPLES GOING SOUTH: A VIEW OF THE CORSO DELLA REPUBBLICA, THE MAIN STREET OF THE REBUILT AND REPLANNED TOWN OF CASSINO.



AS IT APPEARED IN 1946: A CASSINO STREET, WITH NEW BUILDINGS ON ONE SIDE AND RUINS ON THE OTHER; AND BEYOND, MONASTERY HILL, LITTERED WITH RUBBLE.



REBUILT IN THE VALLEY INSTEAD OF ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE: THE NEW TOWN OF CASSINO AS IT NOW APPEARS SEEN FROM HALF-WAY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN ROAD BELOW THE ABBEY.



CASSINO'S MEMORIAL TO HONOUR ITS "GOLD MEDAL" AWARD FOR VALOUR: A TANK, AN AERIAL BOMB, STONES AND A BROKEN COLUMN IN POST OFFICE SQUARE.



AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY: A CASSINO STREET LINED WITH NEW BUILDINGS AND OVERLOOKED BY THE GREAT RECONSTRUCTED ABBEY ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.



TWO YEARS AFTER THE BATTLE WHICH DESTROYED IT: CASSINO FROM THE SLOPES OF MONASTERY HILL, SHOWING NEW BUILDINGS RISING AMONG THE RUINS IN 1946.

ON February 15, 1944, the ancient and world-famous Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino was practically destroyed by Allied aerial bombardment when it was being used as a German stronghold. On May 14 of the same year the ruins of the Abbey, with the rubble which represented the town of Cassino at the foot of Monastery Hill, fell to an all-out onslaught by Allied troops. A year later the foundation-stone of the new Abbey was laid by the late Abbot Gregorio Di Amare, and during the last ten years the rate of reconstruction has been such that completion is expected towards the end of 1956. The Abbey was founded by St. Benedict in 529 and has since suffered destruction four times—by the Lombards in 572, the Saracens in about 860, the French and Spanish, fighting



INSIDE THE GREAT ABBEY, WHICH IS EXPECTED TO BE COMPLETE TOWARDS THE END OF NEXT YEAR: THE WORK OF REBUILDING GOING AHEAD, MANY STATUES ARE NOW IN PLACE.



IN 1946: THE STARK RUINS OF THE ABBEY AND, IN THE FOREGROUND, THE GRAVES OF SOME OF THE GERMANS WHO DIED DURING THE BATTLE.



BEING REBUILT FOR THE FOURTH TIME IN ITS CHEQUERED HISTORY: THE NEW ABBEY, SHOWING WORK PROCEEDING ON THE CENTRAL CLOISTER AND LIBRARY.

for possession of the Two Sicilies, in the fifteenth century, and that of 1944. In an interesting article in *The Times* on May 18, the progress of the reconstruction of the Abbey was described. The plans for the new Abbey were drawn up by a monk of the community, Dom Angelo Pantoni, who is working in collaboration with the architect-engineer, Signor Breccia. The component parts of the High Altar, embodying portions of the original, attributed to Michelangelo, are ready to be reassembled. Below the Altar will rest a casket containing the remains, which were discovered in the ruins in 1950, of St. Benedict and his sister, St. Scholastica. In the valley below the Abbey the rebuilt town of Cassino is now one of the most modern in Italy.

ELEVEN YEARS AFTER: THE NEW TOWN OF CASSINO AND ITS RECONSTRUCTED ABBEY.



AMID PILES OF STONES AND PILLARS: THE LIBRARY IN PROCESS OF RECONSTRUCTION, AS BEFORE, THERE WILL BE THREE LIBRARIES. ONLY ONE CLOISTER HAS YET BEEN REBUILT.



IN 1955: A VIEW OF THE REBUILT ABBEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN ROAD. THE NEW BUILDING IS AN ALMOST EXACT REPLICA OF THE PREVIOUS ONE.



A WORD AND A PRAYER: "FAT" INSCRIBED OVER THE DOOR OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE REBUILT ABBEY, WHICH CAN NOW BE VISITED AT CERTAIN HOURS EACH DAY.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE worst snag about going to Chelsea—by which I mean, of course, the Chelsea Flower Show—is that it means leaving the country, if you live in the country, at the very

loveliest time of all the year; tulip-time, with lilac, wallflowers, pæonies and apple blossom, horse-chestnuts in blossom, and beech trees all in their shirt-sleeves. I resent leaving it bitterly, and yet I'd hate to miss Chelsea. This year I was only away for three days, but the change that takes place in the garden during that short time in May is astonishing. It makes me feel, at first sight on returning, that I must have been away for a fortnight. I left the wallflowers in the prime of life, and looking supremely sumptuous and sonsy. I came back and found them looking slightly tatty, their ample charms definitely on the down-grade.

Few plants surely are such temperamental exhibitionists as the wallflowers. In autumn, planted out and comfortably settled in, they look "supremely contented, and happy, and satisfied—no wish denied." Later, after a spell of really sharp weather, they look ghastly, with a clammy, corpse-like appearance, as though nothing could save them, and as if the compost heap was the only fit place for them. Yet later they miraculously recover their autumn look of prosperity, and flower gloriously. And what an enchanting perfume they use! And then, all too soon, and quite suddenly, their charm—as so often happens with ample charms—evaporates and, all unfaithful, I am glad when the time comes for pulling them out and replacing them with the summer visitors—zinnias, petunias, asters. Then, too, the geraniums (pelargoniums, to be precise) which have wintered in the house, on various window-sills, poor wretches, can go out to enjoy fresh air and sunshine—we hope.

But don't mistake me. I do not return from Chelsea spoilt by the super show perfection of the flowers I have seen there. I don't want 8-ft. delphiniums and begonias as big as soup plates, or one might almost say, as big as soup tureens. It is important at Chelsea to realise which flowers are examples of super-showmanship, and the result of intensive cultivation, and which represent what one could achieve at home, with ordinary common or garden cultivation.

The lovely flag irises are an example of the latter. No amount of fat living is required to produce the irises one sees at Chelsea. In fact, they do best on straight fare. However, I like to see those gigantic delphiniums, begonias and other giants which result from special pre-Chelsea cultivation. I like sometimes to be thoroughly astonished, and I have been a Chelsea addict long enough to know which exhibits to look at, as it were, through the wrong end of the telescope, which to take with a pinch of salt, and to which—and there are a few such—I would gladly hand a fistful of sodium chlorate.

The most splendid mass of colour in my garden at the moment is a clump of half-a-dozen bushes of the double-flowered gorse. I planted them five or six years ago as 6-in. pot-grown youngsters, and they have now grown into one great irregular mass, five or six yards by three or four, and 5 ft. high, with a background of evergreen oak and Portugal laurel, with a few ancient laburnums growing up through them. The deep, rich gold of the gorse is in magnificent contrast with the

AFTER CHELSEA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

much paler gold of the laburnum above and behind.

The gorse has grown steadily and is now at its very best, but if left to its own devices any longer it would become leggy and start sprawling and lounging about with ugly gaps, bare stems and masses of dead, prickly growth. There is, however, a simple

which the bushes are filled. For a few weeks they will look awful, but fortunately gorse enjoys the great advantage of being able—and willing—to sprout with fresh young

growth from its thick, bare stems when cut back in this way, so that in a few weeks it looks respectable again, and in a few months it builds up a fine mass ready to flower next May.

This capacity for shapely rejuvenation after severe cutting-back is very different from the obstinacy of those cousins of the gorse, the various forms and varieties of cytisus, or broom. These refuse to break into fresh growth from their old bare wood if cut back. The only way to keep them shapely, bushy and floriferous is to prune them back severely every year directly after flowering, and only into the still-young, green twigs, never into bare brown wood. When hedgehogged in this way—and it must be directly after flowering—they at once set to work to throw up a strong crop of stems to flower next year, a crop larger and stronger than the mass that has been pruned away. If left unpruned, a broom will, in a few years, develop a tall, bare stem with a meagre tuft of flowering growth atop, until eventually it well justifies its common name, broom. In fact, I have seen ancient specimens that looked uncommonly like the brooms which witches are wont to jockey through the night sky—brooms with rather extra-long chassis.

The double-flowered gorse, setting no seed, can only be propagated by cuttings. But these are quite easy to strike. They must, however, be grown in pots, after striking, until they are required for planting-out. Both gorse and broom are almost impossible to move once they have been grown in open ground for any length of time. I wrote on this page about my double gorse bushes some time ago. But it is such a magnificent flowering shrub that I make no apology for praising it again. Incidentally, it would be a fine thing to plant in public or semi-public places where naughty vandals might be tempted to help themselves from other flowering shrubs less able to look after themselves. To gather gorse for the house, unless you are addicted to blood sports, stout leather gauntlets and a pair of secateurs are very necessary.

Last spring I flowered and wrote about that lovely Poet Narcissus, "Chinese White." Since then I was given a generous batch of bulbs of another all-white Poet Narcissus, "Frigid." A truly noble gift, for not only is it a very lovely thing, but it is still a somewhat costly bulb to buy. It is, so to speak, still on the gold standard. It must, too, be one of the latest of all the narcissi to flower. Last year it was shown at Chelsea, having been grown under perfectly natural conditions. My own bulbs of "Frigid" are still in flower here, in the last days of May. The blossoms are of good size, pure white throughout, and a most lovely texture and tone of white. The only hint of colour is the green throat in the centre. The petals, I am glad to find, are pleasantly pleated. None of that monotonous, ironed-out flatness that one finds in so many exalted show flowers. The flowers, too, are very solid and firm in texture and are lasting uncommonly well in water. My advice is, invest in a bulb of "Frigid," or several. The price is just sufficiently high to give a pleasantly exhilarating feeling of extravagance without any real cause for

alarm. And with a minimum of cultural skill you can count on your bulbs doubling up in number each year, even if their market value may fall as the years pass.



ONE OF THE NEWER POET NARCISSI AND SO LATE A BLOOMER THAT IT WAS STILL IN FLOWER WHEN MR. ELLIOTT RETURNED TO THE COTSWOLDS AFTER VISITING THE CHELSEA SHOW: NARCISSUS "FRIGID."

"The blossoms are of good size, pure white throughout, and a most lovely texture and tone of white. The only hint of colour is the green throat in the centre. The petals, I am glad to find, are pleasantly pleated."

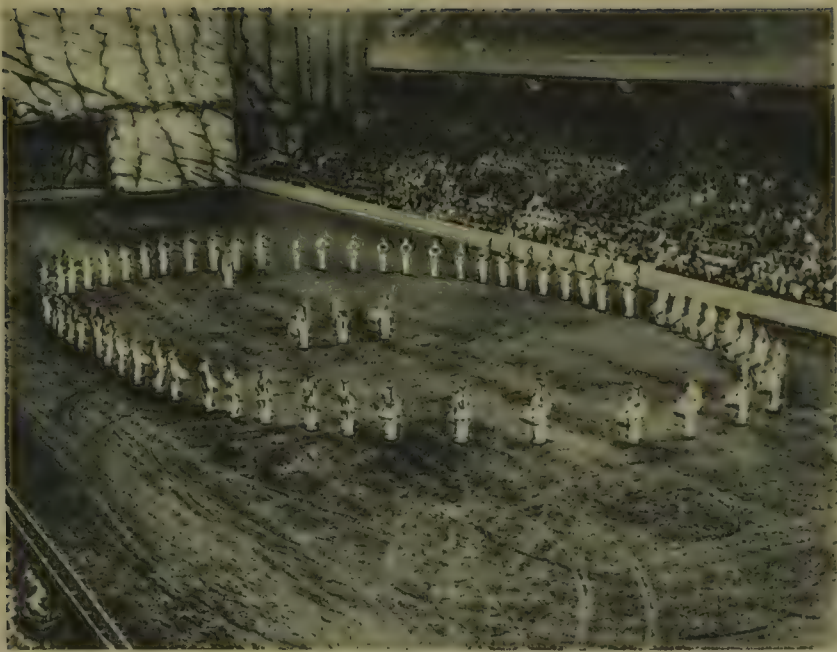


A NEWCOMER AT CHELSEA, WHICH RECEIVED AN AWARD OF MERIT: *PLEIONE YUNNANENSE*, A NEAR-HARDY TERRESTRIAL ORCHID, SHOWN BY COLONEL F. C. STERN.

As Mr. Elliott wrote last week: "An orchid very like its cold greenhouse relation, *P. pricei*—the same large, exotic-looking flowers, but instead of being pale Cattleya pink they are a lively, warm deep pink."

Photographs by J. E. Downward.

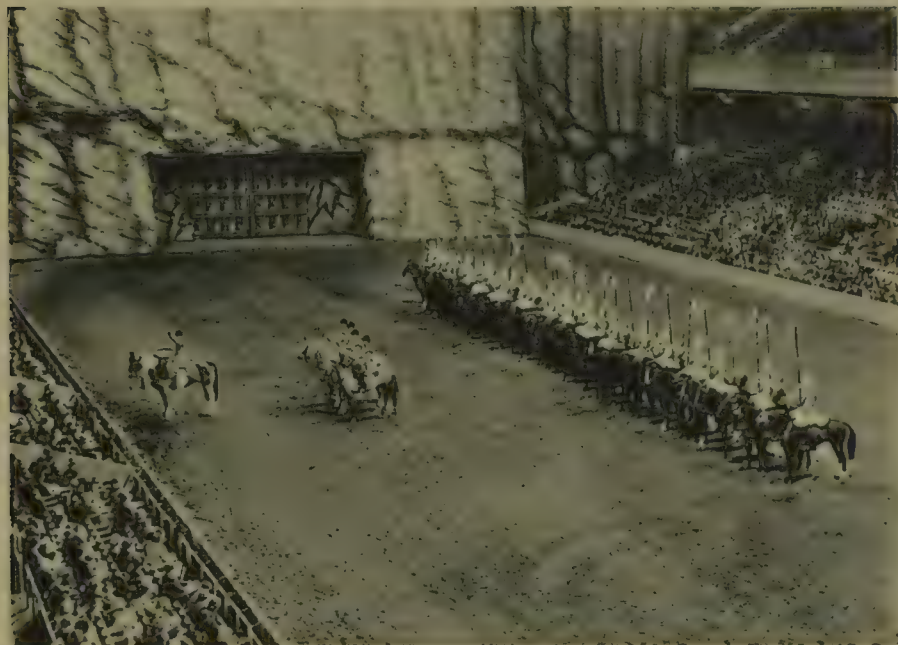
remedy for this. Directly it has finished flowering I shall prune it back mercilessly, reducing the bushes to half their present size and height, and at the same time I shall remove all the dead brown growth with



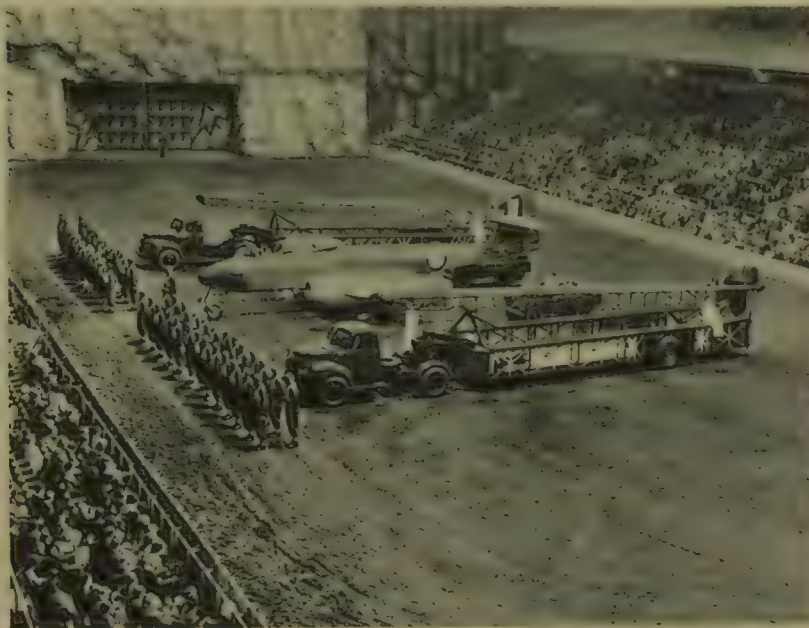
PIPES AND DRUMS OF THE ARAB LEGION. BAGPIPES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A SPECIALITY OF THE LEGION. AT THE TOURNAMENT THEY PLAYED SCOTTISH AIRS.



WATCHED BY THEIR MOUNTAIN SHEEP MASCOT—ARRAYED IN A COAT WITH SILVER AND RED TRIMMINGS, THE PIPE BAND OF THE PAKISTAN POLICE TAKES THE ARENA.



A MOMENT DURING THE MUSICAL RIDE PERFORMED BY THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY. THIS IS ONE OF THE TRADITIONAL ITEMS OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.



DEMONSTRATING SAFETY EQUIPMENT IN SERVICE AIRCRAFT, INCLUDING THE EJECTION SEAT FIRED FROM A METEOR: THE R.A.F. MAINTENANCE COMMAND.



GIVING A STRIKING PHYSICAL TRAINING DISPLAY: MEMBERS OF THE COMBINED WOMEN'S SERVICES BRING BEAUTY AND FITNESS TO EARLS COURT.

THE 65TH ROYAL TOURNAMENT: SOME OF THE MANY MEMORABLE EVENTS DISPLAYED AT EARLS COURT.

The 65th Royal Tournament—originally the Grand Military Tournament and Assault-at-Arms—opened to the public on June 1 at Earls Court; it is scheduled to continue until June 18. Among the new events are the displays—at alternate performances—of pipes and drums by the Pakistan Police Band, with its mountain ram mascot, and by the massed pipers and drummers of the Arab Legion. Another new item is the demonstration by the R.A.F. Maintenance Command of an ejection seat fired from a Gloster Meteor, and the Martin-Baker ejection-seat trainer. The traditional events include the Musical Ride by the

Household Cavalry, the Royal Navy's Field Gun display, and the impressive Musical Drive by the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery. The combined women's services provide a physical training exhibition; the R.A.F. stages a Maze Marching and Physical Training display, and a performance by its massed bands. A spectacular event is the night raid by Royal Marines Commandos upon a radar station at the top of a cliff. This year's set-piece is the Pageant of Infantry, showing something of the changing rôle of the infantryman from the bowman of Crécy to the modern soldier armed with automatic weapons.



THE UNIFORMS AND WEAPONS OF THE BRITISH INFANTRYMAN FROM CRÉCY TO THE PRESENT DAY: OUR ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF A SCENE DURING THE PAGEANT OF INFANTRY AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

It has long been regarded as axiomatic that the core of the British Army is the infantry, and this is no less true to-day, in the face of nuclear physics and scientific warfare, than it was 600 years ago, when the archers and pikemen at Crécy stood firm against the repeated assaults of Genoese crossbowmen and French knights-at-arms. Tactics have changed, uniforms and weapons have changed, but the British infantryman has marched through the ages equipped with the same unchanging courage, endurance, cheerfulness and resource. Something of this progress is illustrated in the set-piece at this year's Royal Tournament. The theme is [the Pageant of

Infantry. It opens with a glimpse of the future. A detachment of the 1st Battalion The Coldstream Guards drill with the new automatic rifle, now undergoing troop trials, showing its use in ceremonial duties. This is followed by a scene of Crécy, where the Bowmen, clad in steel and leather, stand ready for action, protected by their Pikemen against mounted attack. Subsequent scenes display the brilliant uniforms and weapons of the infantry of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—from Fontenoy (1745) to Albuhera (1811). In the final muster, a moment from which has been recaptured above by our artist, Bryan de Grineau, the British

infantry spanning six centuries are represented, from the longbowmen of Crécy to the tall-batted Grenadiers of 1745, and from the bonnets and swinging kilts of the 73rd Highlanders, raised in 1777, to the high black hats and red coats of the Peninsular War infantrymen. Later developments are seen in the full-dress uniform—bearskins and scarlet coats—of the Brigade of Guards, which has changed little from the Service dress of the fighting soldier of the Crimean War. The modern note is struck by the khaki battledress of the present-day soldier, and by his automatic weapons—some on public view for the first time. Apart from the new FN.30 rifle, the modern

Army shows the revolutionary 120-mm. recoil-less anti-tank gun, prominent in our artist's drawing. This gun, the "Bat," weighs less than a ton—in marked contrast to previous heavy anti-tank weapons—and is said to be able to immobilise the most powerful tank ever likely to appear; its low silhouette is a unique feature. Thus, from the longbow used by the British infantryman with deadly effect at Crécy to the most recent means of destroying the contemporary infantryman's most potent enemy, the tank, the striking power of the fighting soldier across the centuries is revealed in the Pageant of Infantry at the Royal Tournament of 1955.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AT EARLS COURT BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

FRENCH MASTERPIECES FROM AMERICAN COLLECTIONS: NOW ON VIEW IN PARIS.



"THE TERRACE BESIDE THE SEA NEAR LE HAVRE, 1866"; BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926), ON VIEW, IN COMMON WITH THE OTHER WORKS REPRODUCED, AT THE "DAVID TO TOULOUSE-LAUTREC" EXHIBITION IN PARIS. (3 ft. 4½ ins. by 4 ft. 5½ ins.) (Rev. Theodore Pitcairn, Bryn Athyn, Penn.)



(ABOVE.)
"THE BRIDGE AND THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, WITH THE CUPOLA OF ST. PETER'S, ROME, 1826-27"; BY CAMILLE JEAN-BAPTISTE COROT (1796-1875). (9½ ins. by 1 ft. 1½ ins.) (California Palace of the Legion of Honour, San Francisco; Collis Potter Huntington Memorial Coll.)



"THE COMTESSE DE TOURNON, 1812"; BY JEAN AUGUSTE DOMINIQUE INGRES (1780-1867), A WORK OF THE SAME PERIOD AS THE DAVID PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON IN THE EXHIBITION. (3 ft. 0½ ins. by 2 ft. 4½ ins.) (Mr. Henry P. McIlhenny, Philadelphia, Penn.)



"AT THE MOULIN-ROUGE, 1892"; BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (1864-1901), A BRILLIANT SCENE OF NIGHT LIFE BY THE CELEBRATED PAINTER OF ASPECTS OF PARIS IN THE 'NINETIES. (4 ft. by 4 ft. 7½ ins.) (The Art Institute of Chicago; Helen Birch Bartlett Memorial.)



"PORTRAIT OF Mlle. HORTENSE VALPINCON AS A CHILD, c. 1869"; BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917), A PARTICULARLY CHARMING PORTRAIT STUDY. (2 ft. 5½ ins. by 3 ft. 8½ ins.) (Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Minn.)



"HEAD OF A DEAD MAN, c. 1818"; BY JEAN LOUIS THEODORE GERICAULT (1791-1824), A STRIKINGLY POWERFUL AND REALISTIC PAINTING. (1 ft. 5½ ins. by 1 ft. 9½ ins.) (The Art Institute of Chicago; A.A. Munger Coll.)

"SALUT À LA FRANCE" is the title under which a number of artistic events were arranged in Paris this summer, under the presidency of his Excellency the United States Ambassador to France, in order to express American admiration of France and French culture. The programme included the exhibitions "Fifty Years of Art in the United States," at the Musée National d'Art Moderne, and the current display, "From David to Toulouse-Lautrec" at the Orangerie; as well as concerts by the Philadelphia Orchestra, and theatrical and ballet performances by American companies. On these pages we reproduce some of the splendid works on view at the "From David to Toulouse-Lautrec" Exhibition. This was organised, on the invitation of the French Government, by an American committee of distinguished museum officials and collectors, with Mr. W. A. Burden as president, and the American Ambassador in Paris as patron; and consists of some hundred French paintings and drawings of the period between Jacques-Louis David (1748-1825) and Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901), all now in collections in America.

The works on view
[Continued above, right.]

A PARIS EXHIBITION DESIGNED TO SHOW AMERICAN ADMIRATION FOR FRANCE.

Continued.
include a portrait of Napoléon Bonaparte, by David (not illustrated on our pages), which was executed in Paris between 1810-12 for the Marquess of Douglas, later 10th Duke of Hamilton, and was later in the collection of the Earl of Rosebery. It was purchased for the Samuel H. Kress Collection in 1954 and is next year to be offered to the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., on the occasion of that museum's fifteenth anniversary. The Romantic School is well represented by works by Gericault and by Delacroix. These form an interesting contrast to the Realistic School works, among which are "The Bridal Toilette," by Courbet, and the splendid Daumier drawing, reproduced on this page, "A Third-Class Compartment." Corot, who was a great friend of Daumier, is represented by a number of paintings, of which "The Bridge and the Castle of St. Angelo, Rome" (reproduced on our pages) is a beautiful early work, painted during Corot's visit to

[Continued below.]



"THE BOATING PARTY AT LUNCH, 1881"; BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1920), IN WHICH THE ARTIST DEPICTED HIS FUTURE WIFE, AND A NUMBER OF HIS FRIENDS. (4 ft. 2½ ins. by 5 ft. 7½ ins.) (The Phillips Collection, Washington, D.C.)

Continued.
Italy in 1826-27; and "The Italian" is an example of his late style of 1870. One of the paintings by Manet on view, "The Woman with the Parrot," is of great interest from the point of view of art history, as when Mr. Erwin Davis bought it in 1889 and offered it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art this great painter was not appreciated in his homeland, France. The Impressionists and Post-Impressionists are well represented, and Seurat, the neo-Impressionist *pointilliste* master, can also be studied in several works, including studies for some of his most famous paintings. In fact, the collection is one of the most splendid displays of French nineteenth-century works ever assembled, and clearly indicates the immense debt which

[Continued above, right.]



"STUDY FOR 'JUSTICE AND VENGEANCE PURSUING CRIME,' 1808"; BY PIERRE PAUL PRUD'HON (1758-1823). (1 ft. 8½ ins. by 1 ft. 3½ ins.) (The Art Institute of Chicago, Ill.; The Arthur Heun Fund.)



"THE PAINTER AMAN-JEAN, 1883"; BY GEORGES SEURAT, THE *POINTILLISTE* MASTER (1859-1891), A NOTABLE CHARCOAL PORTRAIT OF HIS GREAT FRIEND. (2 ft. 0½ ins. by 1 ft. 6½ ins.) (Mr. Stephen C. Clark, New York.)

Continued.
American museums and private collections owe to France. The selection committee of nine experts was under the presidency of the well-known critic, Mr. James Thrall Soby; and the exhibition was organised by Mr. Porter McCray, of the Museum of Modern Art, who accompanied the exhibits to France, while the hanging was under the direction of Mr. Sheldon Keck, of Brooklyn Museum, New York. The exhibition was made possible through the generosity of public museums and private collectors in the United States, who allowed their treasures to return to France for the occasion, which is the first on which they have all been shown together, and the first time they have returned to the country of their origin. The funds to meet the expenses in America were

[Continued below.]



"A THIRD-CLASS COMPARTMENT"; BY HONORE DAUMIER (1808-1879), ONE OF THE GREAT MASTERS OF THE REALIST SCHOOL. (2 ft. 1½ ins. by 2 ft. 1½ ins.) (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; H. O. Havemeyer Coll.)

Continued.
supplied from private sources. The scholarly catalogue contains notes on the various exhibits; and prefaces by M. Georges Salles, Director of the Museums of France, and Mr. W. A. Burden; while the introduction has been supplied by Mr. James Thrall Soby. Mr. W. A. Burden, president of the "From David to Toulouse-Lautrec" Exhibition Committee, is a prominent personality in the United States. He has been president of the Museum of Modern Art, New York, since 1953, and has been a member of the Museum Council since 1943. His large private collection contains works by Seurat and Picasso and by a number of important contemporary artists. Mr. James Thrall Soby, president of the Selection Committee of the Exhibition, is a critic and the author of a number of books on modern painters; and he has also had a great deal of experience in organising exhibitions and has been responsible for a number for the Museum of Modern Art, New York. The exhibition opened in April and will continue until July 3.

ANCIENT OR MODERN? THE CASE FOR AND AGAINST "VERULAMIUM FAUSTINA" DISCUSSED AND

THE ST. ALBANS HEAD'S ANTIQUITY: THE ANALYSED BY ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPERTS.



FIG. 1. THE PORTRAIT BUST OF FAUSTINA THE YOUNGER, WIFE OF MARCUS AURELIUS, IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, ROME. POSSIBLY THE MODEL FOR THE ST. ALBANS HEAD.

and back of the head. The two parts are separated from one another by a narrow band or circlet. A number of Faustina's coin-portraits show this style, and from these we can identify as her a bust in the Capitoline Museum (Fig. 1) and attribute to her period an unfinished bust from the Athenian Agora, in which only the hair in front is fully worked and which also has a short corkerew curl escaping below the main hair-line on either side of the neck (Figs. 2, 3 and 5). Another distinctive feature of the Rome, Athens and numismatic portraits just cited is the tight, round "bun" of plaits into which the hair is gathered on the back of the head, leaving the nape of the neck free. The Verulamium head has been sliced down behind where such a "bun," had it had one, would have been; and this slicing indicates the removal of some projection, so that the head could be made to rest against a flat background. But as the photograph of the back view suggests (Fig. 4), the missing portion was probably not a compact, circular "bun" of plaits, but a loose knot of hair, from which depended the "tail" of loosely-curling strands which once enveloped the nape of the neck; and part of this "tail" can be seen on the left side of the neck, when the head is viewed frontally (Figs. 6 and 7). A "knot" and "tail" of this type are sometimes found in Greek statuary, as, for example, in the Venus de Milo. They are foreign to portraits of the second century of our era; and they are suspicious in the present context.



FIG. 2. THE PROFILE OF THE AREOPAGUS HEAD (FIG. 2), WHICH SHOWS THE CORKEREW CURL BY THE EAR. (SEE ALSO FIG. 6.)

Continued.] supposing that we may have here a comparatively recent copy after the antique, in which features reminiscent of Greek work are oddly combined with a mainly second-century A.D. hair-style. Our head, even if it were genuinely Roman, could, of course, have been imported into this country by a collector in the eighteenth or nineteenth century. Could it, on the other hand, if truly antique, have come from Roman Verulamium? The answer to that question might well be Yes. The marble portrait-busts from the Roman villa at Lullingstone, in Kent, and the

In the latter part of 1953, a boy called Emery found on a site which was being cleared for a new school (about one mile from ancient Verulamium) a female portrait head in marble. The site was previously open country, not near any park or mansion, and lying between two Roman roads. During the war, four Roman coins were found in the same field. The head was set up in a rocky, but in November 1954 Mr. Emery noticed a picture of the Minerva head found in the London Mithraeum and brought his piece of statuary into the Verulamium Museum at St. Albans. The Curator, Mr. Lunn, brought the head to the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, where it attracted much attention, some authorities judging it to be ancient (second century A.D.), others maintaining it is relatively modern work. The subject being one of great interest, we publish here photographs of the head and other comparable pieces, together with the arguments for and against antiquity. Professor Jocelyn Toynbee, Laurence Professor of Classical Archaeology, Cambridge, writes:

IT is with great diffidence that I offer an opinion on the marble head found in the autumn of 1953 about a mile from ancient Verulamium, for I have had no opportunity of studying the original, apart from a very brief examination of it made when on a hasty visit to the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, where it then was. The head (Figs. 4, 6 and 7) immediately suggests a Roman portrait of the second half of the second century A.D. The style of its coiffure recalls, in certain obvious respects, that depicted in some portraits of the Empress of Marcus Aurelius, Faustina the Younger. The hair is divided into two distinct parts, a row of loops framing, and lying flat upon, the brow, and a series of stiffly-waved, undulating, parallel ridges (resembling those on the rind of a melon), which cover the crown



FIG. 3. (ABOVE), THE BACK VIEW OF THE AREOPAGUS FAUSTINA (FIG. 2), TO SHOW THE WAY THE HAIR IS DRAWN INTO A "BUN." (CONTINUED below, left.)

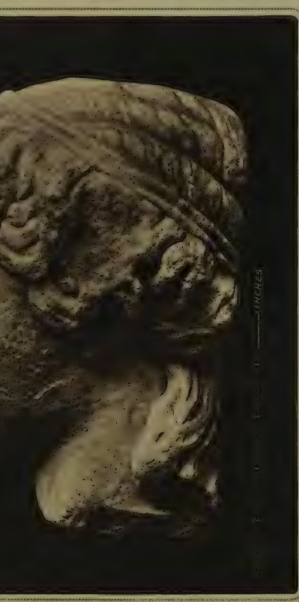


FIG. 4. (ABOVE), THE BACK VIEW OF THE ST. ALBANS HEAD (FIG. 7), TO SHOW THE FLAT SURFACE, THE DOWEL HOLE, AND THE CHISEL-MARK WHERE THE HEAD WAS FORCED FROM ITS SUPPORT. (CONTINUED below, right.)

marble heads of deities found in the Walbrook Mithraeum last summer, prove that marble statuary of Mediterranean stamp found its way to Britain while this land was a province of the Roman Empire. But the vague Roman associations of the head (the proximity of two Roman roads and the finding of four Roman coins in the same field) throw no light on the problem; and, in view of its suspicious features, the claim of the head to rank as an example of art in Roman Britain is tenuous.

(Continued above, right)



FIG. 5. THE PROFILE OF THE HEAD FOUND NEAR ST. ALBANS, SHOWING THE CUT-AWAY BACK-LINE AND THE DETAIL OF THE METHOD OF HAIR-DRESSING.

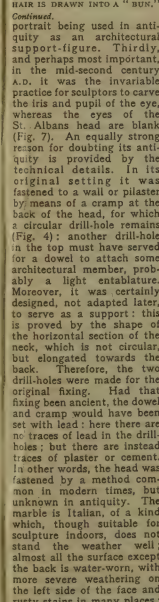


FIG. 6. THE PROFILE OF THE HEAD FOUND NEAR ST. ALBANS, SHOWING THE CUT-AWAY BACK-LINE AND THE DETAIL OF THE METHOD OF HAIR-DRESSING.

Continued.] marble heads of deities found in the Walbrook Mithraeum last summer, prove that marble statuary of Mediterranean stamp found its way to Britain while this land was a province of the Roman Empire. But the vague Roman associations of the head (the proximity of two Roman roads and the finding of four Roman coins in the same field) throw no light on the problem; and, in view of its suspicious features, the claim of the head to rank as an example of art in Roman Britain is tenuous.

(Continued above, right)

Continued.] Mr. Bernard Ashmole, Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum, writes:

THE head (Figs. 4, 6 and 7), which is flat at the back, and has therefore served as part of an architectural support, is a somewhat simplified copy of a Roman portrait of the mid-second century A.D., the date being fixed by coins of the younger Faustina, wife of Marcus Aurelius, and Crispina, wife of Commodus, on which hair is sometimes dressed in a similar fashion. There are ancient marble heads of the same type; the question is whether the St. Albans head is one of them or whether it was made in modern times. The answer is provided by the details of the head itself. The best-known replica, in the Capitoline Museum in Rome (Fig. 1), shows that the maker of the St. Albans head has misunderstood the arrangement of the hair, for the waves over the forehead stop short—impossibly—under a narrow ribbon (Fig. 6), whereas in the Capitoline head they pass into a plait which encircles the head. In these elaborate fashions the hair might not all be the wearer's own, but it was arranged—as it is by modern hairdressers—to suggest that it was, at least, real hair. Secondly, there is no example of a Roman

(Continued below, left.)



FIG. 7. ANCIENT OR MODERN? THE HEAD FOUND IN 1953 NEAR ST. ALBANS, THE PROBABLE ORIGIN OF WHICH IS DISCUSSED HERE BY PROFESSOR TOYNEBEE AND MR. ASHMOLE.

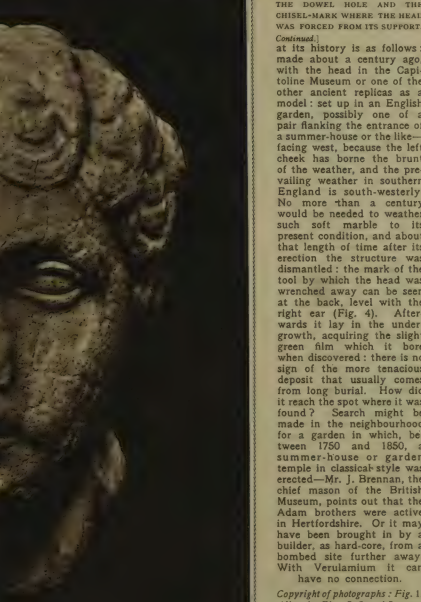


FIG. 8. (ABOVE), THE BACK VIEW OF THE ST. ALBANS HEAD (FIG. 7), TO SHOW THE FLAT SURFACE, THE DOWEL HOLE, AND THE CHISEL-MARK WHERE THE HEAD WAS FORCED FROM ITS SUPPORT. (CONTINUED below, right.)

at its history is as follows: made about a century ago, with the head in the Capitoline Museum or one of the other ancient replicas as a model; set up in an English garden, possibly on a pair flanking the entrance of a summer-house or the like—facing west, because the left cheek has borne the brunt of the weather, and the prevailing weather in southern England is south-westerly. No more than a century would be needed to weather such soft marble to its present condition, and about that length of time after its erection the structure was dismantled; the mark of the tool by which the head was wrenched away can be seen at the back, level with the right ear (Fig. 4). Afterwards it lay in the undergrowth, acquiring a green film which it bore when discovered: there is no trace of the more tenacious deposit that usually comes from long burial. How did it reach the spot where it was found? Search might be made in the neighbourhood for a garden in which, between 1750 and 1850, a summer-house or garden temple in classical style was erected—Mr. J. B. Bury, the chief mason of the British Museum, points out that the Athenian Agora, Vol. 1, 2, 'Portrait Sculpture,' by Evelyn S. Harrison, by courtesy of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens: Figs. 4, 5, and 6, by Mr. Lunn, Curator, Verulamium Museum, St. Albans.

(Continued above, right)



AMID the normal major events of the spring and summer—the Academy, the Antique Dealers' Fair, and so forth—occur certain choice specialist exhibitions in which the things to be seen are numbered in dozens instead of in hundreds—occasions marked by a particular mode of presentation. The current show at the Frank Partridge Galleries is one of these; a mixed exhibition in that it contains furniture, porcelain, pictures and a magnificent Savonnerie carpet which was once a present from Queen Marie-Antoinette to her sister the Archduchess Maria Christina—a design in yellow, greens, blues and pinks, whose soft brilliance defies reproduction in monochrome.

The Chinese porcelain is mostly of the eighteenth century, with an emphasis on the birds—cranes and cockerels—which are among the most decorative objects of the *famille rose* palette, and a dozen paintings bring life to the walls of what is essentially a furniture exhibition, among them an attractive Arthur Devis—a portrait of General Howell, who was presumably of some importance in his day, but who endears himself to us, nearly 200 years later, by his choice of this rather naïve minor painter, known best, I suppose, by his pictures of solid, sober, lesser gentry in their solid, sober parlours, but occasionally, as in this instance, bringing them out into light and air and painting them in a red coat. The General, legs crossed, elbow propped negligently against a tree, tricorne hat tucked under the other arm, gazes self-consciously at the spectator as if he is not quite sure of our opinion of him. Nearly all Devis pictures have this queer charm,

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MOSTLY FURNITURE—ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

By FRANK DAVIS.

torchères, decorated with garlands of carved husks which are illustrated in the catalogue, but once you can become accustomed to the convention of playful magnificence, of which this table is so remarkable an example, you may well find it, if not preferable, at least as distinguished as the similar small tables and cabinets which the fashion of the last years of Louis XVI. decreed should be decorated with porcelain from the Sèvres factory and occasionally—for it was an anglophile period—with Wedgwood plaques.

It occurs to me, and here I am guessing, that just as in England much painted furniture was produced

cabinet-makers to work in a manner they fondly imagined was Chinese—a mode agreeably illustrated by a small mahogany cabinet near by with a pagoda-shaped top. A George I. spoon-back writing-chair with two curved arms and cabriole legs, with carved shell knees and claw and ball feet, is a notable piece of English furniture; so is a set of six early eighteenth-century spoon-back chairs; while, of the later chairs, a set of ten, the two armchairs with stuffed backs, the eight single with pierced and fluted splats, bear witness to the delicacy of the mahogany carving of the age of Chippendale.

Yet amid all these highly civilised and imposing pieces by potter and cabinet-maker, the eye rests approvingly upon several small objects upon which less obviously sophisticated, perhaps less literate minds, have lavished all the care in the world—these brass candlesticks, enamelled in green, blue and white, for example, with their deep hexagonal nozzles and star-shaped wax-pans. What would be the central column in any normal candlestick is here flattened out into a design of flowers and birds (Fig. 1). In between these two candlesticks is a seventeenth-century descendant of the type of lead-glazed pottery so laboriously perfected during the sixteenth by that rustic genius Bernard Palissy (1510-c. 1590), whose will to succeed was such that on one famous occasion, when he had no money to buy fuel for his experiments, he burnt his own poor furniture. I confess unblushingly that when I caught sight of this I guessed wrongly, putting it down as eighteenth-century Staffordshire, so near to our own lead-glazed work are the manganese, blue, green and yellow colours; I ought to have known better for, apart from other considerations, the design is far removed from anything known to Staffordshire. The group represents Jesus and the Woman of Samaria at the Well, the latter forming an oval inkwell, moulded in relief with a cherub's head and enamelled in green.



FIG. 1. BRASS CANDLESTICKS (HEIGHT 10 INS.) ENAMELLED IN GREEN, BLUE AND WHITE (L. AND R.), AND (CENTRE) A POTTERY GROUP REPRESENTING CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA AT THE WELL—WHICH IS AN INKWEIL. (6½ by 7½ ins.)

The pair of brass candlesticks made in the late seventeenth century, enamelled in green, blue and white, have deep hexagonal nozzles and star-shaped wax-pans. The earthenware group representing Christ and the Woman of Samaria at the well is "a seventeenth-century descendant of the type of lead-glazed pottery so laboriously perfected during the sixteenth by that rustic genius Bernard Palissy. . . ." The well does duty as an inkwell.

as a substitute for the more expensive marquetry, so this table was originally painted in this charming fashion as a substitute for porcelain; but of course we never, as far as I know, went to the length of imitating Teniers, or of framing our simple designs so brightly (Fig. 3). The frieze and the long drawer are painted with floral panels on a ground of rose Pompadour; the wood is kingwood and tulipwood, and the whole is as gay a piece of well-mannered nonsense as can be imagined, devised with as much care as if it were a jewelled and enamelled snuff-box.

The lacquer cabinet of Fig. 4—one of a pair—is no less remarkable, and doubly welcome as far as I am concerned, because it is resting upon a simple harmonious stand instead of upon the elaborately carved gilt stand beloved of our ancestors. Here is the fabulous East in black and gold, subtle and delicate, matching in splendour a great twelve-fold black lacquer screen, one of those importations which were brought to the Coromandel coast of India and there transhipped, so that they came to be named not from their country of origin but from this half-way house; and indeed, to many in Europe at the end of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth centuries, India and China were much the same, as remote and as



FIG. 2. (ABOVE.) SHOWING THE PAINTED FLORAL PANELS: A LOUIS XVI. TULIPWOOD AND KINGWOOD TABLE WITH ORMOLU MOUNTS AT THE CORNERS, AND (RIGHT; FIG. 3) THE TOP OF THE TABLE, DECORATED WITH A LANDSCAPE IN THE STYLE OF TENIERS, FRAMED WITH GARLANDS.

The Louis XVI. tulipwood and kingwood table, described by Frank Davis as being "in the convention of playful magnificence," has side panels painted with floral subjects, while the top is decorated with a landscape in the style of Teniers, framed with floral garlands and bows. The mounts are of ormolu.

and it is no wonder that students of English portrait painting have a high regard for him.

The furniture, both French and English, comprises much that is exceptional, and one or two pieces which seem to me minor masterpieces, if one can use a word which has been so often abused in connection with the work of the cabinet-maker. Not everyone appreciates painted furniture—or, at any rate, furniture whose decoration is so frankly pictorial as the table of Fig. 2—and the normal English taste leans towards the discreet green and cream of a pair of elegant Hepplewhite



romantic as the mountains of the moon. The back of the screen bears an inscription to the lady for whom it was made on her seventieth birthday. No wonder these and similar pieces were popular; and no wonder the enthusiasm for Chinese things induced English



FIG. 4. DATING FROM C. 1760: A BLACK-AND-GOLD LACQUER CABINET DECORATED IN THE CHINESE TASTE. (ONE OF A PAIR.) (Height; 4 ft. 8 ins.)

Frank Davis points out that this black-and-gold lacquer cabinet, decorated in the Chinese taste, "rests upon a simple harmonious stand instead of upon the elaborately carved gilt stand beloved of our ancestors. Here is the fabulous East in black and gold, subtle and delicate . . ."

Illustrations by courtesy of Frank Partridge.

The seated figure of Christ is manganese, that of the woman, manganese and blue, with green cap and yellow pitcher. Incidentally, what a blessing the cherub's head was to any seventeenth-century designer who had an empty space to fill, including the maker of English clock-faces, where winged cherubs so obligingly and agreeably occupy the corners.

Among all this I have almost forgotten the mirrors, five or six of them; if I must choose I think I want to live with a pair of William and Mary mirrors, 5 ft. 7 ins. high by 2 ft. 4 ins. wide, with most unusual glass frames decorated with thumb prints and spots, surmounted by a shaped pediment engraved with delicate sprays of flowers and a lively dolphin at each side. Perhaps not everyone's taste; if so, console yourself with the soft, rich—and, in some conditions of light, almost velvety—dull reddish-gold of the Queen Anne gesso mirror frame near by.

ANGELICA AT KENWOOD: PAINTINGS BY A FAMOUS WOMAN ARTIST.



"MORNING AMUSEMENT"; ONE OF THE PAINTINGS BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN (1741-1807) IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.) (Sir Norman Brook.)



"PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN WEST," INSCRIBED MR. WEST—DRAWN IN ROME BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN 1763. THE SITTER, LATER SIR BENJAMIN, BECAME P.R.A. (Chalk; 16½ by 12½ ins.) (National Portrait Gallery.)



"MARGARET LADY BINGHAM, LATER COUNTESS OF LUCAN." THIS PAINTING WAS ENGRAVED BY JAMES WATSON, 1775. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.) (Earl Spencer.)



"GEORGE JOHN, VISCOUNT ALTHORP (1758-1834), LATER 2ND EARL SPENCER, AND HIS SISTERS"—LATER DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND COUNTESS OF HESSBOROUGH RESPECTIVELY. (Oil on canvas; 48 by 38 ins.) (Earl Spencer.)



"PRINCE WILLIAM FREDERICK AND HIS SISTER PRINCESS SOPHIA MATHILDA OF GLOUCESTER AS CHILDREN." PAINTED IN ROME FOR THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, YOUNGER BROTHER OF GEORGE III. (Oil on canvas; 40½ by 50½ ins.) (Earl Waldegrave.)



"ANGELICA HESITATING BETWEEN THE ARTS OF MUSIC AND PAINTING," CONSIDERED TO BE HER MASTERPIECE IN THIS COUNTRY. INSCRIBED ANGELICA KAUFFN. EE. IPS. PINX. ROMÆ 17 . . . (Oil on canvas; 58 by 86 ins.) (The Hon. R. D. G. Winn, Nostell Priory.)

Continued.] she went to Rome, where she died. Engravings of her work were often the basis of decorative work, and Lord Waldegrave has lent a table of this type; while examples of English (Derby) porcelain groups, and a German (Meissen) cup and cover, modelled

THE Loan Exhibition of Angelica Kauffmann Paintings which Professor Richardson, the P.R.A., opened on May 27 at the Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood, should not be missed. It will continue until September and admission is free. Angelica Kauffmann (1741-1807) had marked talent as a musician as well as an artist, so her "Angelica Hesitating Between the Arts of Music and Painting" records the choice which the Fates offered her. She came to London in 1766 on the invitation of Lady Wentworth, whom she had met in Rome, and gained great success. She painted many notabilities, and in 1768 was named as one of the founder-members of the R.A. After leaving this country

(Continued below, left.)



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST." BEQUEATHED BY ANGELICA TO JOHANN KAUFFMANN, AND INHERITED BY GEORGE KAUFFMANN, WHO SOLD IT. (Oil on canvas; 29 by 24 ins.) (National Portrait Gallery.)

and decorated after her designs, are also on view. Many painted ceilings in this country have been attributed to Angelica, but only two can be given to her with certainty—the roundels in the entrance hall at Burlington House and two overdoors at Knowsley.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

FOX CUB AT PLAY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

FOLLOWING my discussion a few weeks ago on the cat-like characteristics of the fox, it seemed worth while to see how far the cub might show a mixture of canine and feline features. Last year, I made an extensive study of the literature on foxes with another end in view. It was to obtain circumstantial evidence on their intelligence. I know of no more tantalizing or exasperating form of research. From one writer after another there are the usual enthusiastic remarks about the magnificent animal, the usual praises for its shrewdness, cunning, cleverness, intelligence or whatever word or words the particular writer favours, with the usual anecdotes of what a particular fox did under the stress of seeking escape or sanctuary from a particular pack of hounds, with little about the fox as an animal. In like manner, there are appreciative remarks about the attractive appearance and manners of the cubs, and of their playfulness, but little of solid worth for my present purpose. The only thing left was to acquire a cub to watch it for myself.

The cub was probably five to six weeks old when it came to join us, and its arrival was a little sudden. So came the urgent problem, where to house it. One of my daughter's pet possessions is a gipsy wagon and since she was away visiting in Devon we cleared the wagon, covered its floor with peat litter, put in a sleeping-box; and another housing problem was solved temporarily. Then another problem arose. The cub had been fed on arrival, which was an hour before I reached home, but although now installed in seeming comfort it

satiated, indicated once more that it wanted to be picked up. Nestled in my hands, its eyelids began to droop and it allowed itself shortly to be put into its sleeping-box, where we heard no more of it for some hours. That short experience had taught me more



IT HAD AN AIR OF ALERTNESS, PARTLY THE RESULT NO DOUBT OF THE PRICKED-UP EARS AND SHARP MUZZLE: THE YOUNG FOX CUB, WHICH IS CLOTHED WITH A SOFT UNDER-FUR OF A LIGHT CHOCOLATE BROWN WITH A HALO OF GRIZZLED GUARD-HAIRS.

It was the second time I fed it that the cub began to show its paces. Having "wolfed" the food handed to it bit by bit, there came the moment when it had eaten its fill. It took the next piece, ran to a corner of the wagon, dropped the food on the ground and came back for more. The next piece was taken to the same spot and dropped. This time it did not come back for more but lowered its head towards the food and, with its hind-quarters hunched high, it bounced on its front paws in the playful way reminiscent of a puppy. After this, the cub picked up the food in its mouth and shook it, moving the head violently from side to side like a terrier worrying a rat. Then it trotted to another corner of the wagon, scraped away the peat litter with its front paws, placed the food on the bare board and shovelled peat over it with its muzzle. Returning to the second piece of food it treated that in the same way, after which it retired to sleep, leaving two small hillocks of peat to mark its cache. The following morning the hillocks of peat had been levelled and the food eaten.

Although the cub sleeps a large part of the day and, presumably, the night, it has its periods of exercise also, and we have tried to tempt it to play. A ball is a moderately acceptable plaything, but its real favourite is a piece of cloth or such objects as can be seized in the teeth and shaken. Clearly, as with a puppy the teeth and jaws occupy pride of place in play-activities. Anything that can be tested with the teeth becomes ornamented with tooth-marks, and the highest mark of affection



"THERE WAS AN APPEARANCE OF INTELLIGENCE BEYOND THE CAPACITY ONE WOULD HAVE CREDITED TO SO SMALL AND SEEMINGLY FRAGILE A BEAST": THE CUB, WHICH HAS WHITE PATCHES ON THE EARS AND MUZZLE, ON THE THROAT AND BELLY AND ON THE TIP OF THE TAIL.

appeared restless and continually called with its bird-like trill. Every now and then the trill would end in a markedly puppy-like whine.

I sat on the bench in the gipsy wagon and looked helplessly at the cub as it walked around and over my feet, trilling and whining. I tried to imagine what a vixen would do in these circumstances, how she would interpret these signs. It was the cub that gave the answer. It took the cloth of my trouser-leg in its mouth and tugged. It tried to scramble up on to my lap, and when, finally, I had the wit to pick it up it tried to chew the lapel of my jacket. It then dawned on me that the vixen, under such circumstances, would go for food. As I went to the house the puppy-like whining turned to a small but unmistakable bark.

Once the food had been brought there was no longer any doubt. The cub ate ravenously once again and,

than my search of the literature. There was about the cub an alertness, enhanced no doubt by the pricked-up ears, the sharp muzzle and the expressive eyes. There was, too, a seeming purposiveness about every movement, more pronounced than I recall in either a puppy or a kitten. There was an appearance of intelligence beyond the capacity one would have credited to so small and seemingly fragile a beast. If purposiveness be an ingredient of intelligence, then a fox cub has it in good measure, as subsequent experience of it has shown. That is, however, another story, and my present quest is for juvenile characters that might reveal the true relationship of the fox.

To begin with, a cub is neither a puppy nor a kitten. This somewhat obvious remark is intended to convey the idea that its general demeanour gives no positive clue to canine or feline affinities. It has, as one might expect, its own special traits. For example, it may, when it has just been fed and is in a playful mood, retire behind one of the 2-in. by 2-in. wooden legs of the bench in the gipsy wagon. Then it will look at you from behind the leg with one eye then move its head and look from the other side with the other eye. This is very much a fox's trick of keeping you under observation while remaining itself concealed. In a cub it is offset by the well-filled barrel-like belly, which is visible either side of the leg of the bench even when most of the rest of the body and head is screened.

There is one somewhat cat-like trick. The cub will, after having been nursed for a while, scramble up on to one's shoulder and wander round the back of one's head from shoulder to shoulder. It will also jump from there to the ground, landing perfectly on four legs which seem too fragile to take the impact of the fall. In moving over the ground, however, its gait is decidedly dog-like. There is a complete absence of stealth. The animal moves in a direct line, usually towards an opening in the fence, the front legs advancing alternately and the hind-legs being brought forward together in a lolloping canter.



A FOX CUB YAWNS. AT THE SAME TIME THIS PHOTOGRAPH COULD WELL SERVE AS A PORTRAIT OF A CUB SHOWING FRIENDLY ADVANCES, FOR THIS INVITATION TO PLAY INCLUDES OPENING ITS MOUTH WIDE AS A PRELIMINARY TO A SNAPPING MATCH.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

a fox cub seems able to bestow on its human guardian is to take the outstretched finger in its teeth, without injuring it, and then lick it with its velvet-smooth tongue. Another is to chew your shoe-laces, while wagging the tail in the familiar dog-like manner. In fact, apart from the tendency to climb, there is little in the behaviour of a fox cub that is not more reminiscent of a puppy. In some of its ways, however, it resembles a grown rather than an infant dog. There is the same appealing look in the eyes, the manner of resting with the chin laid on the forepaws, the fondness for being stroked under the throat and chin and the habit of resting its chin on your hand. And nothing could be more dog-like than the habit of rolling on its back and opening its jaws in an obvious invitation to join in a rough-and-tumble biting match.

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PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE:
AND THE FOUR NEW WOMEN M.P.'s.



MRS. J. BUTLER
(Labour and Co-Op; Wood Green).



MISS J. H. VICKERS
(C. and Nat. Lib.; Devonport).



MRS. EMMET
(Conservative; E. Grinstead).



MRS. P. McLAUGHLIN
(Ulster U.; Belfast W.).

THE FOUR NEW WOMEN MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—TWO CONSERVATIVE, ONE LABOUR AND ONE ULSTER UNIONIST.

Mrs. J. Butler, member of the Wood Green Borough Council, and chairman of the Housing Committee, retained the seat for Labour. Miss J. H. Vickers, who won Devonport for the Conservatives from Mr. M. Foot, is a social Welfare worker. She served with the Red Cross in the Far East in the war, and was decorated for her work. Mrs. Emmet, chairman of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist

Assns. since 1955, was a member of the L.C.C., 1925-34; and of the West Sussex C.C. from 1946, of which she became alderman. She won East Grinstead (major revision) by 16,700. Mrs. P. McLaughlin, who won Belfast West for the U.U., is a member of the Executive Committee, Ulster Women's Unionist Council and president of the "Allen" Club for Old People, Belfast. There are now twenty-four women M.P.s.



AWARDED THE 1954 BINNEY MEDAL:
MR. VICTOR GEORGE CONLAN.

On June 2 Mr. V. G. Conlan, a Printing Trade Operative, aged thirty-five, was presented by Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke with the 1954 Binney Memorial Medal for the most gallant act of the year in support of law and order. Mr. Conlan tackled and pursued an armed gunman, Nathan Goldberg, in Bethnal Green in May 1954.



SIGNING THE BELGRADE DECLARATION OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THEIR TWO COUNTRIES:
MARSHAL BULGANIN (SEATED LEFT) AND MARSHAL TITO (SEATED RIGHT).

The six-page document embodying the fruits of the talks in Belgrade between Marshal Tito's Government and the delegation of Soviet leaders headed by Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin, was signed in the marble-pillared hall of the Guards' Club on the outskirts of Belgrade on June 2. Only the two heads of State, Marshals Tito and Bulganin, signed the declaration, which provides for closer co-operation between the two countries, particularly in the economic and cultural fields. The Soviet delegation left Yugoslavia on June 3.



RELEASED BY THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS:
MR. ROBERT FORD.

A British radio operator employed by the Tibetan Government, Mr. Ford was captured by Communist troops when China invaded Tibet in 1950, and held in Chungking for four-and-a-half years, accused of various crimes. He was set free and allowed to cross into Hong Kong on May 29. He is stated to be in "fairly good shape." Mr. Ford is thirty-two.



TO BE HEADMASTER OF
GRESHAM'S SCHOOL: MR. L.
BRUCE LOCKHART.

Mr. L. Bruce Lockhart, who is thirty-four, has been appointed headmaster, as from September, of Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk. Mr. Bruce Lockhart, who has been an assistant master at Tenbridge School since 1947, is the son of Mr. J. H. Bruce Lockhart, headmaster of Sedburgh, 1937 to 1954. He was educated at Sedburgh and St. John's, Cambridge.



NEW BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION:
LIEUT. J. W. CONRAD, U.S.A.F.

An American Walker Cup player, Lieut. J. W. Conrad (Oak Hills, U.S.), won the British Amateur Golf Championship at Royal Lytham and St. Anne's on June 4, defeating A. Slater (Wakefield) by 3 and 2 in the final. Lieut. Conrad, aged twenty-five, won the U.S. Southern and Trans-Mississippi Championships in 1953 and the former in 1954. He is seen receiving the trophy from Lord Derby. In the recent Walker Cup match at St. Andrews, he was defeated by D. A. Blair.

DIED IN CAPE TOWN ON
JUNE 5, AGED EIGHTY-TWO:
SIR HERBERT STANLEY.

After a long and distinguished career in South Africa, Sir Herbert Stanley died in Cape Town on June 5, aged eighty-two. He was High Commissioner for South Africa from 1931 to 1935, when he was appointed Governor of Southern Rhodesia, an office he held until 1941. In recent years he was Chief Commissioner of Boy Scouts in South Africa.



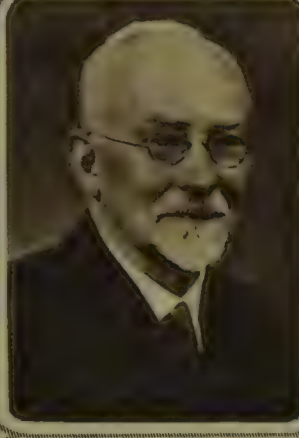
DIED ON JUNE 3: THE EARL
OF MAR AND KELLIE.

The Earl of Mar and Kellie, who died on June 3, aged eighty-nine, succeeded his father in 1888 as the twelfth Earl of Mar, a title which dates from 1565, and the fourteenth Earl of Kellie, a peerage created in 1619. He was the holder of the premier viscounty of Scotland, and was the Hereditary Keeper of Stirling Castle.



NEW C.-IN.-C. OF HOME FLEET:
SIR JOHN ECCLES.

The Admiralty announced on June 1 that Vice-Admiral Sir John Eccles will succeed Admiral Sir Michael Denny as Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, next December. He is fifty-six. Much of his career has been devoted to naval aviation, and he commanded the aircraft-carrier Indomitable from 1943 to 1945. He received the C.B.E. in 1944.



DIED ON JUNE 5:
MR. ERNEST MAGGS.

Mr. Ernest U. Maggs, head of Maggs Bros., one of the oldest and most respected firms in the antiquarian bookselling trade, died on June 5, aged seventy-eight. He was perhaps best known to the general public as the man who negotiated the British Museum's purchase of the Codex Sinaiticus from Soviet Russia in 1933.



A FORMER LORD MAYOR DIES:
SIR LESLIE BOYCE.

Sir Leslie Boyce, who was Lord Mayor of London 1951-52, died at Gloucester on May 30. He was fifty-nine. The first Australian Lord Mayor, he was Member of Parliament for the city of Gloucester until 1945, when his association with the Corporation of the City of London began. He was elected Senior Sheriff of the City in 1947.



MAINTAINING THE BALANCE: EXAMPLES OF NATURAL METHODS OF ANIMAL CONTROL

The statement that "many animals live by preying on others" is too familiar to need emphasis. It is, however, often overlooked that under wholly natural conditions a state of equilibrium is reached, a natural balance it is usually called, between prey and predator. This is maintained until a change of climate or other natural influences upset the balance by wiping out a predator or producing more favourable circumstances for the increase of one or more species in relation to the others. In due course, however, equilibrium will again be reached. So through the ages equilibrium and disbalance have succeeded each other, effecting over long periods the succession of life on the earth. The rapid rise of the human race, and its exploitation of natural resources, have vastly aided the condition of disbalance, resulting in the creation of what we call pests. A pest is an animal which formerly had a well-defined place in the natural economy but has increased

abnormally under conditions created by Man until it conflicts with his interests. On this page our artist, Mr. Neave Parker, has illustrated some examples of the natural balance, and also examples of Man's efforts to redress the balance which he has himself upset. A simple example of the latter is seen in the house-fly, a natural scavenger, encouraged by Man's wasteful habits. Added to this, we have killed off one of its natural enemies, the wasp. Flies have, however, a nuisance-value only. In other instances, by clearing the ground and cultivating crops, an abundance of food is made available for a damaging pest to develop. Aphides, the so-called plant lice, greenfly or blackfly, furnish an example of this. Troublesome as their numbers are, they would, however, be worse if there were not so many natural enemies in the form of ladybirds, lacewing flies, ichneumon flies, hoverflies and the rest. Even here, matters are made the worse by the very

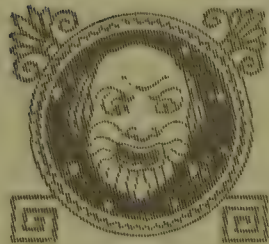
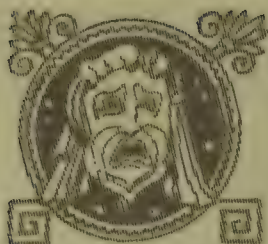
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER,

AND MAN'S EFFORTS TO REDRESS THE EQUILIBRIUM WHICH HE HIMSELF UPSETS.

conditions of cultivation, which leave too little rough vegetation often necessary to the predator-species for their breeding, or by the use of antidotes that kill prey and predator alike, leaving the prey-species (i.e., the pests) in the ascendant by reason of their greater powers to multiply rapidly. So we set ourselves the problem, whether to use artificial means or the natural methods of control, the so-called biological control. Strictly speaking, a biological control is that set of circumstances in which, by producing the most favourable conditions for the preying-species, the pest is kept down to normal. It is, in fact, the establishment of an equilibrium which will continue without further human intervention. This has very rarely been achieved. The more usual method is to use a predatory species artificially, by introducing an enemy to the pest into a habitat not its own, and constantly replenishing its numbers. Thus, the cottony-cushion scale bug

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.

of Western North America is combated by importing numbers of ladybirds, the cottony-cushion having been originally introduced into California on plants imported from Australia. Again, the gypsy moth, guilty of only sporadic outbreaks in Europe, became an alarming pest when transplanted into the U.S.A. This was countered by introducing a large ground beetle (*Calosoma sycophanta*), for the fly also attacked native butterflies, including the beautiful Monarch butterfly, the larvae of which feed on milkweed, an undesirable plant in pastures. So it can be seen that in his efforts to outweigh his previous upsets of the balance, Man tends to create yet further problems, as in taking the mongoose to the Western Hemisphere to combat snakes and rats, also imported, he let loose a new menace to the local fauna.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

TWO SATISFACTORY FILMS.

By ALAN DENT.

A YOUNG Swedish gentleman whom I met in the course of a little Baltic cruise last autumn used to amuse us at meal-times with the formal quality of his English. "It is satisfactory weather to-day, is it not?" he would say. "It is satisfactory each morning to eat red caviare at the breakfast" was another frequent remark. "The time-table of the ship remains satisfactory" was yet another of his ways of starting a conversation, or at least of making the attempt. One day I startled him by suggesting that we had one or two other adjectives of commendation besides "satisfactory."

This he took in rather bad part. "Why should you as a Scottishman attempt to improve my English, which I am assured by our professors is eminently satisfactory?" he said unsmilingly for once. However, when he saw that I was somewhat stung, he climbed down at once and said:—"Is there a more expressive word to use for pleasing phenomena?" So I, now having a little devil in me, said:—"The most modish word in England now is 'smashing,' which you can apply to every sort of enjoyable thing." He immediately set down the new word in his notebook, and I hope and trust that my nice but arrogant young Swede, when he clicked his heels and kissed the hand of his first hostess in England, told her that her house, her table, her garden, her daughters, and her hospitality were, each and all, smashing as well as satisfactory.

It is an adjective I heard several times as I emerged with a great Bank Holiday crowd which had been enjoying the Walt Disney film-version of "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," and this must be my excuse for setting down the above reminiscence. This happened to be my favourite Jules Verne romance in my boyhood, and the one I best remember. So it really was quite a thrilling experience to meet that sombre and stricken Captain Nemo again and sail with him in his ingenious submarine, the *Nautilus*, which he invented as long ago as 1868. It has all been delightfully reconstructed from the book—with red velvet hangings, real works of art, and a real pipe-organ in the Captain's own saloon—and everything. It has, too, James Mason, quite perfectly cast as the Captain who hates the land and all its inhabitants.

We duly explore the wonders of the deep (though this is not in any sense a Disney nature-study) and we duly sink an American frigate and take aboard an American professor (Paul Lukas), his assistant called Conseil (Peter Lorre), and a hunk of comic relief in a harpooner called Ned Land (Kirk Douglas). Perhaps it does not greatly matter that Mr. Douglas is given not only his head but his torso in the matter of singing sea-shanties and being comically chased by cannibals

art of submarine craftsmanship and perfected various electrical weapons, but has also foreseen the secrets of nuclear fission. His history concludes with his blowing up his own particular secret island and sinking—as in the book—into the deepest depths of the sea in his *Nautilus*. The last vision

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MR. JAMES MASON AS CAPTAIN NEMO IN "20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA."

In selecting Mr. James Mason as his choice for the outstanding film actor of the fortnight, Mr. Dent writes: "James Mason touches nothing these days which he does not adorn with his curious quality of thick-lipped, saturnine majesty. He was unforgettably slick and nimble as a spy in Ankara in 'Five Fingers.' He was unforgettably histrionic as an actor run to seed, partnering Judy Garland in 'A Star is Born.' And now he makes a memorable figure—still majestic and still saturnine—of the misanthropic Captain Nemo in the Walt Disney film-version of Jules Verne's '20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.' He has the virtue of seeming to take the impressive old yarn with a complete seriousness which is lacking in some of the other portrayals. His performance, like the novel itself, has an odd mysterious power about it."

is of Ned Land gazing at the all too horrifyingly familiar colossal mushroom from the dubious security of a rowing-boat and coming away with the really somewhat inadequate observation:—"There she blows!"

harpoon of the ubiquitous Ned Land. This is altogether too contrived and too manufactured a monster. It is this boyish and breezy film's one important failure. Mr. Disney should have kept him as a cartoon-subject for something to be called "The Reluctant Squid."

Satisfactory in a completely different connotation of the word is the film called "The Dam Busters," which is the careful reconstruction of an episode which led, as much as any single episode can be said to do, to our ultimate victory over Germany in the last war. It shows—as all the world well knows by this time—the bombing of the Ruhr dams. It does not, as do most flying films, concentrate on its climax. The emphasis is far more markedly on the struggles of the inventor of the bouncing bomb, Dr. Barnes Wallis, to obtain the permission of various reluctant Ministries to adopt the invention and put it into devastating practice. Michael Redgrave, in a performance remarkable even in this excellent actor's remarkable gallery, gives the inventor all kinds of touchingly human qualities. He is a man steered almost against his will by his own integrity—a man who fears the potency of his own invention. Richard Todd, too, is capitally boyish as the leader of the airmen, and it is right and proper that all the other young airmen under his command should be much more like young airmen than young actors.

The dialogue is the skilful work of R. C. Sherrieff, an author who may congratulate himself on giving us what is, one way and another, the best of all the films inspired by the war, just as in 1929 he gave us in "Journey's End" the best of all the plays inspired by the First World War. It is odd to note, too, that there has once again been an interval of almost exactly ten years. Mr. Sherrieff would be the first to disclaim that the plot of "The Dam Busters" is his own: the film has been made out of authenticated material supplied by Wing Commander Gibson and Paul Brickhill. But the intense Englishness of the film's spirit emanates from its dialogue, which is that of Mr. Sherrieff. It is so English of us to have so much tragedy with so little sentimentality. It is so English of us to have so very much under-emphasis—so much under-emphasis, even, on the fact that the 'dam-busting meant a massacre of many thousands of civilian lives by drowning. To make this a salutary as well as a superbly effective film I would only suggest that there should be just a shade more of emphasis on the fact that the episode cost us heavily also, and that only eleven out of nineteen planes made the return. The film's one deplorable tendency, in short, is that it suggests that war continues to be a glorious thing.



"AFTER MR. MASON'S CAPTAIN NEMO, THE MOST LIFELIKE THING IN THE WHOLE FILM SEEMS TO ME THE NAUTILUS ITSELF, WHICH, WITH ITS HUGE, GREEN ILLUMINATED EYES, REALLY DOES HAVE A TOUCH OF SEA-MONSTERLINESS ABOUT IT": THE SUBMARINE NAUTILUS, IN A SCENE FROM WALT DISNEY'S CINEMASCOPE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION "20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA." [London première, Odeon, Marble Arch, May 19.]



"IT HAS ALL BEEN DELIGHTFULLY RECONSTRUCTED FROM THE BOOK—WITH RED VELVET HANGINGS, REAL WORKS OF ART, AND A REAL PIPE-ORGAN IN THE CAPTAIN'S OWN SALOON . . .": "20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM WITH (L. TO R.) CAPTAIN NEMO (JAMES MASON), NED LAND (KIRK DOUGLAS), CONSEIL (PETER LORRE) AND PROFESSOR ARONNAX (PAUL LUKAS).

on a South Pacific island. It is, in fact, Ned Land and not Captain Nemo who is set down first in the list of the film's characters, and this is not as it should be.

But the spirit of the book persists, and even its substance, right up till the last half-hour, when it emerges that Captain Nemo has not only mastered the

After Mr. Mason's Captain Nemo, the most lifelike thing in the whole film seems to me the *Nautilus* itself, which, with its huge, green illuminated eyes, really does have a touch of sea-monsterliness about it. It is, in fact, distinctly more alive than the giant squid which is supposed to attack it and half-strangle most of its inhabitants till done to death between the eyes by the

whereas surely the tendency of all such stories, true or fictitious, henceforward should be to suggest that war is a fearful and odious thing which is not at all inevitable or necessary.

Such considerations apart, both the films under review may with justice be described as wholly satisfactory, not to say "smashing."

LITTLE SHIPS, A TANKER, AND A CUNARDER : NEWS OF VESSELS GREAT AND SMALL.



RECENTLY HANDED OVER TO THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY AFTER SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETING HER TRIALS: THE FAST REPLENISHMENT TANKER *TIDE AUSTRAL* (17,700 TONS). The first of her class to be completed, the replenishment tanker *Tide Austral* was recently handed over to the Royal Australian Navy after successful trials. Tankers of this class are being built to the order of the Admiralty for the purpose of supplying fuel to warships.



PREPARING TO LEAVE FOR THE MIDDLE EAST AFTER RECONDITIONING: THE IRAQI ROYAL YACHT, *QUEEN ALIA* (750 TONS), PREVIOUSLY NAMED *VELERO III*. The motor-yacht *Queen Alia*, originally built in the U.S.A. in 1931, has recently completed an eight-month refit in the Southampton dry-dock. Bought by the Iraq Government for King Faisal in 1949, she is now on her way to the Middle East for delivery. Saluting cannons have been installed.



BUILT BY JOHN I. THORNYCROFT AND CO. AT THEIR WOOLSTON (SOUTHAMPTON) YARD FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF CEYLON; THE TWIN-SCREW STEAM TUG *BARANA*. The *Barana* has been designed to provide maximum manoeuvrability, as she will be engaged in assisting in the berthing and unberthing in Colombo Harbour of large sea-going ships; but whilst essentially a harbour tug, she is also a good sea boat and will make the voyage to Colombo under her own power.



ON HER TRIALS OFF LOWESTOFT BEFORE SAILING FOR AUSTRALIA: THE DIESEL-DRIVEN HOPPER BARGE *NAUTILUS*, WHICH WILL WORK OFF THE COAST OF QUEENSLAND. The *Nautilus*, a Hopper Barge (used for deep-water dumping the spoil of dredgers), is intended for work off the Queensland coast. Claimed by her makers to be the first vessel built at Lowestoft to sail under her own power for delivery to Australia, she has a deadweight capacity of 600 tons.



MOVING UP RIVER TO DRY-DOCK ON CLYDEBANK PRIOR TO HER TRIALS: THE NEW CUNARDER *IVERNIA* (22,000 TONS), BUILT FOR THE CANADIAN SERVICE. The Cunard Line's *Ivernia*, built for the Canadian service, is due to leave Liverpool on June 30 on her maiden voyage to Montreal. During her launching, on December 14 last year, the *Ivernia* was caught by a strong cross-wind and narrowly missed going aground.



DEMONSTRATED ON CHELSEA REACH OF THE THAMES ON JUNE 1: A NEW THORNYCROFT HIGH-SPEED LAUNCH FOR THE R.A.F., PROTOTYPE OF A NEW SERIES. The new Thornycroft launch, powered by twin 190 b.h.p. Rolls-Royce Diesel engines giving rapid acceleration, is the prototype of a new series of 43-ft. launches for use primarily on air-to-sea bombing and gunnery ranges. She carries thirty, has a range of 200 sea miles, and will operate in Arctic or tropical climes.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE RINGING TONE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

NOW and then, on this page, I have ventured to ask—discreetly, for one must not laugh too much at an Institution—what our modern dramatists would do if the telephone had never been invented. Though not violently attached to that sinister instrument, I admit that life without it can seem to be unreal, oddly phantasmal. In the theatre, however, a dramatist can be too ready to seize a chance, to let a telephone call do his work for him. That is why I am glad at last to find a telephone-comedy one can praise almost without reserve: "The Reluctant Débutante," at the Cambridge Theatre.

I call it a telephone-comedy because Celia Johnson seems to spend so much of her time at the dial. It is not easy to do this and to get away with it. You have, when manipulating a stage telephone, to give the impression that someone is at the other end: harder than it sounds. There are (as Hamlet says) players one has seen play—and heard others praise—that have appeared simply to be talking to themselves, and rather foolishly. Not all the little hubble-bubble noises in the receiver—somebody working hard off-

the dramatist's wittiest lines and slip gently over the others.

"The Reluctant Débutante" should have a useful life in London; in due time, with the repertories and the amateur companies at it, it will have to face rougher handling. No one who has watched the present Cambridge production (Jack Minster's) will be wholly pleased with a successor. But, at any rate, Mr. Home has added to the list a really civilised light-farcical comedy that never pretends to be cleverer than it is. There is no Major Road Ahead. This is simply a diversion through the quiet and fruitful country of English comedy: we should be grateful to the dramatist, though he solves no problem, debates no ambitious theme, and merely leaves us remembering a group of cheerful theatrical creations in a pleasant setting, and with a telephone that does work.

The plot is the slightest brush of a feather. A débutante is "coming out." Her mother is fussily anxious for her; her father, though mildly philosophic, regards it as a waste of time and money. The girl herself is bored. But everything is for the best in this airy Mayfair. It is June, high summer; we can be sure for once that no cloud can linger in the sky. Besides Miss Johnson, the delight of a shining night is the husband and father, that calm, long-suffering man whose wryly humorous mask rarely changes. He can express a surprising amount in a gleam of the eye or with a voice that, though it seems seldom to move off two notes, has in it—if you listen carefully—as many varieties of sound as the lap-and-wash of the tide on a shingle beach. The actor is Wilfrid Hyde White. He has some of Mr. Home's nicest lines; for example: "If horses went to dances, they'd be in clover; they can sleep standing up." Good; but the wittiest moment in the play can be appreciated only in the situation. The mother, having decided that the young man in love with her daughter is ineligible, calls for her husband (Mr. Hyde White) to throw him out. The call is not answered at once,

Anna Massey is the débutante, and John Merivale the young man. Both have real charm; and I like the sketch (by Jeremy Longhurst) of the kind of youth whose sole pleasure is not so much in getting to places as in how to get to them: life for him is an endless road map: he reaches Glastonbury by way of Goodwin Sands. "The Reluctant Débutante," you will have gathered, is good fun; one gets the ringing tone immediately. And (before objections begin) even if I am fully aware of the lack of substance and of the



"I CALL IT A TELEPHONE-COMEDY BECAUSE CELIA JOHNSON SEEMS TO SPEND SO MUCH OF HER TIME AT THE DIAL": "THE RELUCTANT DÉBUTANTE," SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH JANE (ANNA MASSEY) WAS NEVER MORE RELUCTANT THAN WHEN HER MOTHER (CELIA JOHNSON) TRIES TO FIND PARTNERS FOR HER.

stage—have persuaded me that a human being is at the other end of the line. My thoughts have slipped from the play to the dramatist's study, and to the moment when, comfortable and complacent, the dear fellow first set down the words, "X picks up telephone."

In "The Reluctant Débutante" we have a delightful union between William Douglas Home, the author, and Celia Johnson, the actress. Mr. Home has an ear for nonsense, and Miss Johnson (surprising to those who used to think of her as an emotional actress) the tongue to utter it. And when it comes to telephone-work, they are happily in accord. Miss Johnson invariably gets a number. She may be speaking on the stage of the Cambridge Theatre, dithering and babbling; but she has summoned a spirit of some sort to answer her, holding a phantom receiver in a distant limbo. It is largely a matter of timing, of neither appearing to get incredibly rapid service nor letting æons pass while, presumably, the voice at the other end says "Yes" (or, maybe, "No"). Celia Johnson dials her wrong numbers with an air; she addresses the wrong people with a flourish; and she is still in a state of rosy telephonic rapture as the curtain flickers down for the last time.

I ought to make it clear at once that a good deal of the comedy is not on the telephone. But it is so pleasant to see this expert burnishing of a now-familiar device that I may be forgiven my over-emphasis. Over-emphasis is lacking at the Cambridge. Celia Johnson and Wilfrid Hyde White (less telephone-minded) do not bang the comedy at us. They slide it along; unerring in selection and stress, they bring out



"MR. HOME HAS ADDED TO THE LIST A REALLY CIVILISED LIGHT-FARICAL COMEDY THAT NEVER PRETENDS TO BE CLEVERER THAN IT IS": "THE RELUCTANT DÉBUTANTE" (CAMBRIDGE THEATRE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH SHEILA (CELIA JOHNSON) RINGS UP QUAGS TO BOOK A TABLE. THE OTHER PLAYERS ARE (L. TO R.) CLARISSA (ANNA MASSEY); MABEL (AMBROSINE PHILLIPPS); DAVID BULLOCH (PETER MYERS) AND JANE (ANNA MASSEY).

and Miss Johnson and the young man stand at opposite ends of the room, waiting. One must do the right thing on these occasions. "He won't be long," murmurs Miss Johnson with a polite smile: courtesies observed, she returns to the correct injured-mother attitude.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE RELUCTANT DÉBUTANTE" (Cambridge Theatre).—This is in the tradition of the most civilised English light comedy. William Douglas Home is writing simply to amuse; he has a quick theatrical wit, the gift of knowing what will and what will not "go" in the theatre. His company can interpret every mood. I shall remember Celia Johnson on the telephone, Wilfrid Hyde White and John Merivale in the throes of a sham-fight, and Anna Massey considering life with the candid, direct gaze of a young woman of eighteen or so. Excellent fun; and there is no need to rely upon memory alone. This is likely to be at the Cambridge for some time if we want to verify anything. (May 24.)

"DYLAN THOMAS GROWING UP" (Globe).—I dare say Emlyn Williams's performance will grow as the Globe Theatre season continues, though it is hard to think how it could be improved. These Dylan Thomas sketches, fantasies (and a few poems) are material that our major protean actor prizes. He speaks with unflinching art and with the theatrical glint that Thomas himself would have welcomed. I reviewed this programme when it was given at the Bath Festival, so there is need now only to add a second testimonial. (May 31.)



"THIS ROCK IS AT THE WORLD'S END...": EMLYN WILLIAMS GIVING HIS ONE-MAN RECITAL FROM THE WORKS OF DYLAN THOMAS UPON A STAGE FURNISHED ONLY WITH A CHAIR AND A SCREEN. EMLYN WILLIAMS AS "DYLAN THOMAS GROWING UP," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE. DYLAN THOMAS WAS BORN IN 1914 AND DIED IN 1953.

frivolous outlook, I cannot help thinking that there are times in the theatre when a cheerful wisp of a light comedy can be welcomed with satisfaction and relief.

Neither of the other nights in this article had a telephone system on view: one because the play was about a Viking assault on ninth-century Northumbria, the other because Emlyn Williams was giving his one-man recital from the works of Dylan Thomas upon a stage furnished only with a chair and a screen. I have spoken before of "Footsteps in the Sea," the drama by Henry Treece done recently at the Notting-ham Playhouse. I return to it to remember the rich inlay of its phrasing; the splendid dramatic shock when the curtain rises upon a Viking longship crossing the "whale's way" to Northumbria. Treece is the kind of writer from whom it is worth commissioning a play (as, I believe, this was commissioned). He and the producer, John Harrison, showed that they could fit rewardingly into a partnership—each with a poetic imagination that worked upon the other. Treece's play, like most poetic dramas, will probably sound better than it acts: one is anxious to see it in print.

Our managers would often do well to commission work from promising British dramatists (many writers need this incentive) instead of supposing that the tastes of Paris and New York must coincide with our own. The B.B.C. commissioned "Under Milk Wood" from Dylan Thomas. After hearing Emlyn Williams, whose protean recital, "Dylan Thomas Growing Up," has now replaced a feeble American farce at the Globe Theatre, I wondered again what the British theatre might have lost by Thomas's death. He was a superb, if capricious, imagist with a sense of fantasy that reaches its height at the Globe in "Adventures in the Skin Trade," a mad romp round the purlieus of Paddington. Emlyn Williams, whose performance I discussed when he appeared at the Bath Festival, makes us see every piece of furniture in the fiercely overcrowded room: a room, moreover, without a telephone in it. I do not think that one rings anywhere during the evening.

THE RAPIDLY CHANGING WORLD SCENE: EVENTS IN ASIA, AFRICA AND EUROPE.



A REHOUSING PROJECT IN HONG KONG: A MODEL OF PROPOSED FLATS FOR WORKERS IN THE COLONY, WHERE RESETTLEMENT OF SQUATTERS IS AN URGENT PROBLEM; 350,000 PEOPLE NEED REHOUSING, AND SITES ARE SCARCE AND EXPENSIVE.



THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN SOUTH AFRICA: WOMEN MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF JOHANNESBURG ON MAY 25 TO DEMONSTRATE AGAINST THE SENATE BILL. Twenty thousand people marched through the streets of Johannesburg to protest against the Senate Bill (which aims to reconstitute the Senate and so alter the Constitution), which Dr. Dönges formally moved leave to introduce on May 11. The procession included 3000 Transvaal women of considerable distinction.



THE RETURN TO TUNIS OF M. HABIB BOURGUIBA: THE "SUPREME COMBATANT" OF THE NEO-DESTOUR MOVEMENT LEAVING CARTHAGE ON HORSEBACK. M. Habib Bourguiba returned to Tunis following the Franco-Tunisian Settlement after three years of exile. On June 1 he was enthusiastically received at La Goulette, and a triumphant procession to Carthage Palace was formed. The car broke down and M. Bourguiba mounted an Arab horse supplied by an escort.



THE PRIME MINISTER OF SIAM'S VISIT TO ENGLAND: MARSHAL PIBUL SONGGRAM (CENTRE), WHO WAS DUE IN LONDON ON JUNE 7, SHOWN DURING HIS SWISS STAY. Marshal Pibul Songgram, Prime Minister of Siam, who was due to arrive in London on June 7 for a six-day goodwill visit, during which her Majesty arranged to receive him, has travelled widely during the last few months, having visited the Philippines, the United States, numerous European countries, and Far Eastern States. Our photograph shows him in Switzerland seated between the Federal President, M. Max Petitpierre (right) and the vice-President and Minister of Justice, Dr. Markus Feldmann.



THE FRANCO-TUNISIAN SETTLEMENT SIGNED: THE TUNISIAN PREMIER, SEATED, HANDING THE PEN TO M. FAURE; THE TUNISIAN MINISTER OF STATE (EXTREME R.) The final texts of the Franco-Tunisian agreements were signed at the Hotel Matignon, Paris, on June 3. M. Faure, the Premier, and M. July, Minister for Moroccan and Tunisian affairs, signed for France; and for Tunis, Mr. Tahar ben Ammar, the Premier, and M. Mongi Slim, the Minister of State. In his speech the Tunisian Premier referred to the "grandiose demonstrations" which signalled the return of M. Bourguiba, as a sign of the Tunisian people's unanimous assent to the agreement.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IF the reviewer finds himself being rather supercilious about "documentary" novels, there are two reasons why he needn't take it to heart. First, because it can be guaranteed to make no difference; the popular journalistic type has, and will always have, a secure vogue. And secondly, because his reservations are usually justified. Even the cleverest of documentaries—perhaps especially the cleverest—tend to be flat and thin, poor in imagination and humanity. And it is irritating, though not strange, to see them drive out more distinguished work.

But, once again, there are no rules; and "Gulf Stream North," by Earl Conrad (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a documentary of another colour. It is imaginative to the backbone; it has, in fact, the very qualities we should expect least. Though on the other hand, one wouldn't say it had the makings of a best-seller. To begin with, its subject is too modest and specialised. It is about the pursuit of menhaden (or shad)—a fish of the herring family, caught off the east coast of America not as a "food-fish," but for the production of oil, meal and fertiliser. And further, it is all about the pursuit of menhaden. It seems to exhaust the topic from every conceivable point of view—and that with the least possible addition of connected narrative. Whereas best-selling documentaries favour a well-marked story, often a kind of thriller. But with Earl Conrad, the human and dramatic elements are simply part of the theme. The menhaden is fished by people of a certain stamp. They take incessant risks, and meet with all kinds of vicissitudes, in the day's work—and so the documentary has to include all that. Without exciting, laughable and horrid moments, it wouldn't cover the ground.

This record is of five successive days aboard the *Moona Waa Togue*, an old, old tub which was designed as a sailing-boat at the time of the Civil War. Her home port is De Leon Beach, in Florida; and her historian is the coloured mate Bix. This was a uniquely happy idea. His first gift to the book is a vivacious idiom, which would be a charm in itself. Next, he infuses it with human warmth; he is a tired and simple old philosopher, approaching sixty, and a menhadener for forty-five years. Also, he fills a central place on board. It is his job to mediate between captain and crew—a ticklish one when the captain is white, soured by adversity, and too fond of the bottle, and when the fish decline to show up. For the menhaden men are "sharecroppers"; when there is no catch, they get nothing. This season, they have begun to talk of "haunty" ships. "Ought to sink all them haunty ones. . . . The *Moona Waa Togue*, she just too damn ghostly!"

And true enough, the five days yield a rich harvest of misadventure. But there is also the big haul, reveille in the sleeping town, the rare, unfragrant night at sea, the work-shanties and conversation of the men—and every aspect of their trade, from the smallest technical detail to the most comprehensive, visionary sweep. Bix has it all by heart; and he is undisguisedly informative and deeply fascinating.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Fool Killer," by Helen Eustis (Secker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.), may be described in brief as a descendant of "Huckleberry Finn." Without the epic and full-blooded quality of its prototype—but with a real folk strain, and a touching and dramatic plot.

The narrator is an orphan boy of twelve. He has been reared from babyhood by the Old Crab and the Old Man, and now—a few years after the Civil War—he can stand it no longer. "They gave me victuals and clothes, thinking I'd grow up useful—but I ain't, and I hate the both of them, so what's the use to stay?" . . . And he escapes at dead of night, meaning to "ride the cars" to some far place, and make his fortune. Out West appears the likeliest spot. . . . Only instead, he gets dropped off in the middle of nowhere, and "fetches up at an apparently ruined house, under the aegis of Dirty Jim Jelliman. This ancient codger was once ground down by a clean woman, and since then he has revelled in "disgustingness." It makes a nice change for the boy . . . though he would rather not have heard about the "Fool Killer." But then, of course, somebody "rescues" him. Once more he has to slip away—this time, into the arms of an ideal travelling companion. Milo was wounded in the war, he doesn't know on which side. He has no past, and no name of his own. He won't sleep in strange houses—they are "the places of his enemies." But he is wonderfully good to George; and all goes well, until the fearful night of the camp meeting. . . .

There, on the brink of terror, I must stop. But the story is not just a nightmare with a happy ending. The small boy's inner life, his yearning for love and security, his struggle with the perplexities of experience and the mystery of his own nature—these are the real charm. And here again, the idiom goes a long way.

Which is, of course, equally true of "Bath Tangle," by Georgette Heyer (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.). In this new Regency romance, the Earl of Spenborough has died, leaving a sweet young widow and a more glamorous, and much more formidable daughter. Lady Serena was her father's best friend; yet he has done something abominable—he has appointed the Marquis of Rotherham her trustee. Rotherham to dole out her pin-money, and control her choice in marriage! The sting is that she and Ivo were once engaged, and quarrelled incessantly and furiously, till she threw him over. . . . All is the smooth romantic fabric as before: deftly contrived, and exquisitely "period."

"The Yellow Turban," by Charlotte Jay (Collins; 10s. 6d.), has a peculiar quality, which may recommend it even to those who are not thriller-addicts. Will Brooke is being sent out to Pakistan by "National Improvements Inc.", with orders to meet Roy Finlay and bring him home again. They don't say what Roy has been up to, or why he should need bringing . . . but their last emissary disappeared. Will is to stay at the Grand Hotel in Karachi, and keep mum. . . . From there on, Pakistan takes over. Karachi, with its welter of misery and indifference, inefficiency and graft, interminable chattiness and immense kindness: the hero's dysentery and fever-dreams—all these somehow absorb the plot into their own being. It emerges at the far end, but it is most impressive in solution.

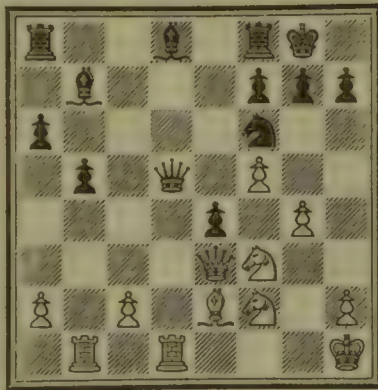
CHess NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS game was the prettiest in the Tostal International Tournament at Cork. O'Kelly de Galway, at his combinatoric best, sacrifices his queen:

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

REID	O'KELLY	REID	O'KELLY
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	10. P-B4	QKt-Q2
2. Kt-KB3	P-K3	11. Castles	Q-Kt3
3. P-Q4	P x P	12. K-R1	Q x KtP
4. Kt x P	Kt-KB3	13. Q-Q2	Q-Kt3
5. Kt-QB3	P-Q3	14. QR-Kt1	Q-B2
6. B-KKt5	QKt-Q2	15. P-B5	P-K3
7. KKT-QKt5	Kt-K4	16. Kt-B3	Q-B3
8. B-K2	P-QR3	17. B-Q3	B-Q1
9. Kt-Q4	B-K2		
Threatening 18. . . . B-R4.			
18. Kt-Q1	Castles	22. P x P	Q x QP
19. Kt-B2	P-QKt4	23. Q-K3	B-Kt2
20. B x Kt?	Kt x B	24. B-K2	P-K5
21. P-KKt4?	P-Q4	25. KR-Q1	



25. . . . P x Kt!! 26. R x Q P x B
Black has obtained a bishop and knight for his queen; White's pinned rook is a "goner"; and that little pawn on White's K2 is going to be a nuisance.
27. P-B4 R-K1 28. Q-Q2 P x P
Oh dear! Now White sees that 29. R x B? would allow 29. . . . P-K8(Q)ch.
29. K-Kt1 B-Kt3
White must be tired of seeing bishops placed en prise to his helpless back-rank rook.
30. R-Q6 B x Ktch 31. K x B Kt-K5ch
I copied this game from the loser's score. Misguided: the man is not born who can continue to record the moves calmly and accurately whilst his position is crashing in ruins. As an illustration of a chess writer's trials, here is the rest of the score as I copied it: 32. K-K1, Kt x R double ch; 33. K-B7, B-Q6ch; 34. K-Kt1, Kt-K5; 35. Q-R5, Kt-Kt4; 36. P-B6, R-K8ch; 37. K-B2, R-K7ch; 38. K-Kt1, Resigns.

I reconstructed this with fair certainty, allowing for two incorrect and three omitted moves, thus:

32. K x P Kt x Rdis ch
32. . . . Kt x Q dis ch is objectively more efficient, leaving Black a piece and a pawn up; but O'Kelly is enjoying himself.
33. K-B1 B-K5 36. Q-R5 Kt-Kt4
34. R-Kt6 B-Q6ch 37. P-B6 R-K8ch
35. K-Pt1 Kt-K5

Pretty. If 38. Q x R, then 38. . . . Kt-B6ch and 39. . . . Kt x Q secures him . . . almost exactly the same ending as he could have forced by . . . Kt x Q dis ch six moves ago!

38. K-B2 R-K7ch 39. K-Kt1
Short of time, White glances at 39. K-Kt3, Kt-K5ch and 40. . . . Kt x P—and opts for worse!
39. . . . Kt-B6ch Resigns
40. K-R1, R x KRP is mate.
40. K-B1, R x QRP dis ch would win White's queen, if he were not already mated!

THE RISE OF NAZI DIPLOMACY.

A BOOK of great interest and importance is "The Wilhelmstrasse," by Paul Seabury (University of California Press; 22s. 6d.). This is a study of the German Foreign Office between the wars and up to the final crash in 1945. It was of peculiar interest to me, as I think I knew almost all the leading figures who appear in Mr. Seabury's pages. Ribbentrop, for example, I had known since long before he became a leading figure in the Nazi Party. The story is one which points a moral: which is, that however long your spoon, to sup with a totalitarian devil of any colour is always in the end disastrous. When the Nazis first came into power, the members of the German Foreign Office on the whole welcomed the new régime as a relief from the Weimar Constitution, with its "weak" foreign policy and the frequent demands of the left-wing parties in the Reichstag to "democratise" the

Foreign Service or to curtail its expenditure. Like the Army, which originally welcomed the strong left-wing nationalist Government which they took the Nazis to be, the Foreign Office made the fatal error of thinking that it could control them and continue to exist as a State within a State. The old German Foreign Office official was remarkably expert (the entrance examinations demanded were a great deal higher than in this country—though those were stiff enough), and this comparatively small corps d'élite could not imagine that the new Government, composed of men most of whom had never been outside Germany, could fail to bow before so much expertise. Their disillusionment was not long in coming. If the old-type, aristocratic Foreign Office official despised these parvenus, Hitler and the top-ranking Nazis reciprocated with distrust and equal dislike. The Foreign Office had to be put in its place, and the instrument was the champagne salesman, Joachim Von Ribbentrop. I happened to be in Berlin during the months when the first steps were being taken. This consisted of the setting-up by Ribbentrop of a private Foreign Office of his own, called the *Dienststelle des Botschafters*, with offices in the Wilhelmstrasse almost opposite the official Foreign Office. Ribbentrop collected round him a curious and motley crew of "experts," of whom I recall one in particular as being typical. He was a bone-headed young thug by the name of Horst Wagner, whom Ribbentrop detailed to propagand me. He was not highly successful, as his methods consisted of attaching himself to my wife and myself for as many hours of the twenty-four as he decently could. The fact, as Mr. Seabury tells me, that during the war, Wagner became the head of the important "Inland" division, whose principal task was to liaise with Himmler (and, among other things, select categories of Jews for the concentration camps and gas chambers), confirms my view of the "new" Nazi Foreign Office officials, for that is what they became. On his return from his disastrous London mission, Ribbentrop became Foreign Minister and infiltrated his new men into the old organisation. This is where the moral point arises. Many of the regular Foreign Service officials were in a dilemma. Should they stay on and try and control the new wild men, or should they, on grounds of conscience, resign in protest at the war-making policy which they saw was plainly developing? It is a dilemma which must face any conscientious official in a totalitarian State, with the additional factor that even to suggest resignation is enough to arouse suspicion and render you a marked man thereafter. This excellent book is written in a clear and easy style which conceals the immense amount of research which has gone into its compilation. In only one respect would I quarrel with Mr. Seabury, and that is when he minimises the part played by German Foreign Office, or ex-Foreign Office, officials in the July 20 plot to kill Hitler. This is, I think, a little unfair. Given the fact that the old German Foreign Office was such a comparatively small organisation, a remarkably large number of these officials joined the conspiracy and, like my old friend Adam von Trott zu Solz, died peculiarly horrible deaths in consequence.

I am sorry that I found "The Wilhelmstrasse" so interesting that I have left myself little space in which to recommend three other good books. The first is "In Order to Die," by Henry Ainley (Burke; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Ainley is the son of the great actor, and after the war joined the French Foreign Legion from an idealistic desire to do something practical in fighting Communism. He was sent to Indo-China, and this book is a well-written account of that depressing war. It is clear that the Foreign Legion, which, with the other regular French units bore the brunt of the fighting (no conscript was allowed by the French Government to go to Indo-China), is as tough as it is traditionally supposed to be. The Legion's casualties, even before Dien Bien Phu, were extraordinarily high, but more depressing than the tale of the gradual killing-off of Mr. Ainley's friends is the increasing sense of frustration and disillusionment which grows as the book progresses. As I say, a well-written if disheartening story.

"On the Track of Prehistoric Man," by Herbert Kühn (Hutchinson; 21s.), is the story of the author's visit to all the important prehistoric sites in France and the illustrations in the book confirm, a beauty and a liveliness which a first-class modern artist would find it difficult to emulate. The author's description of his visit to the famous "Les Trois Frères" cave is, to my mind, the most satisfying in the book. The translation by Alan Houghton Brodrick is as well done as are the numerous illustrations.

Many of the animals which appear on the walls of the great prehistoric caves are the same as those which are still being hunted to-day in the Arctic regions. "Klondyke Bill," by Helge Ingstad (Kimber; 16s.), is the story of the life of a trapper in the desolate tundra of northern Canada. In spite of modern weapons and modern methods, the solitary trapper, hundreds of miles from civilisation, must often face the same problems which confronted our prehistoric ancestors, and endure what he had to endure—cold, hunger and danger from wild beasts and from the elements. This book makes no pretensions to fine writing, but it is interesting and exciting none the less.

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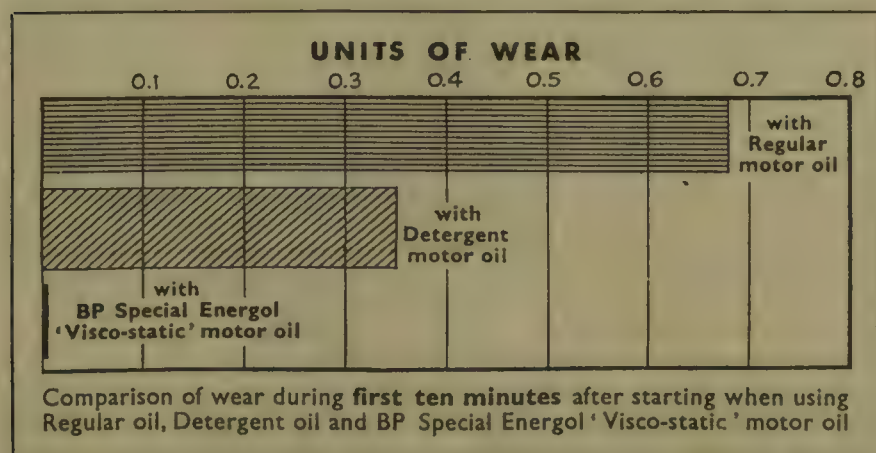
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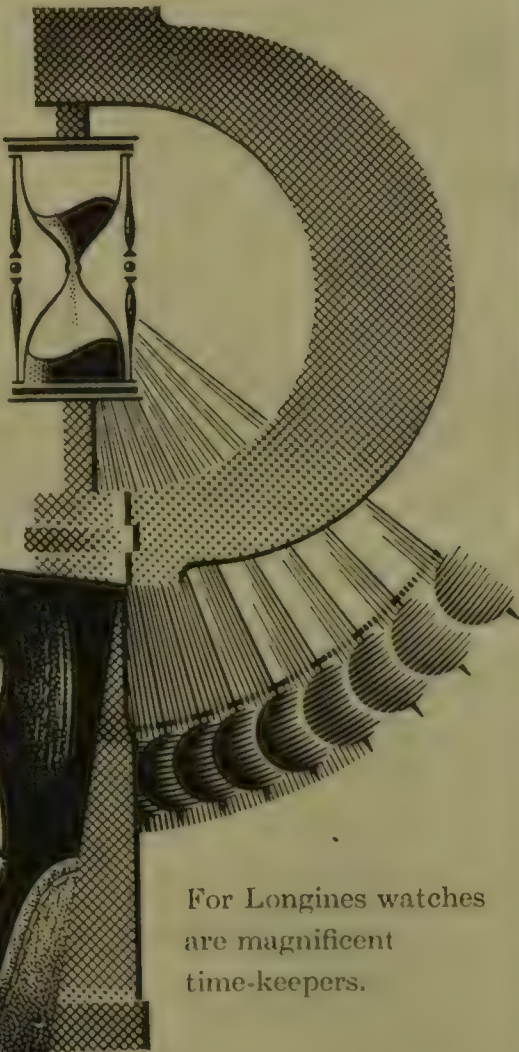
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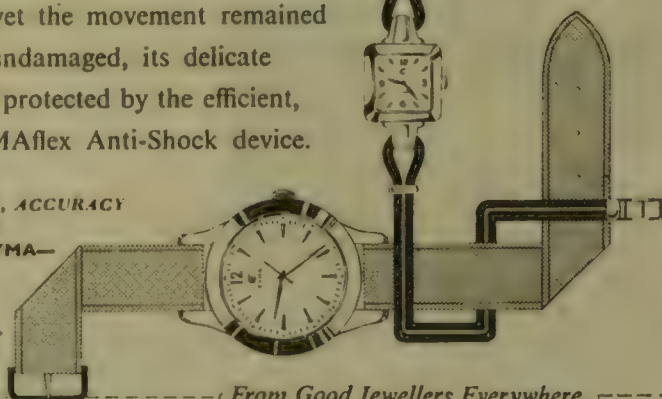
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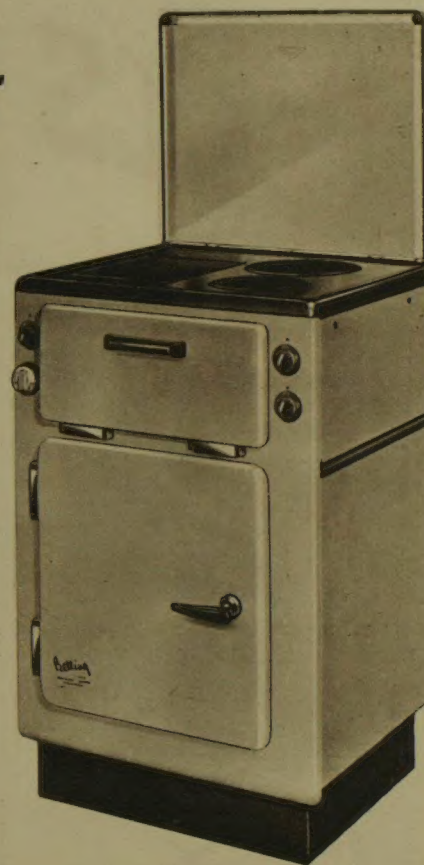
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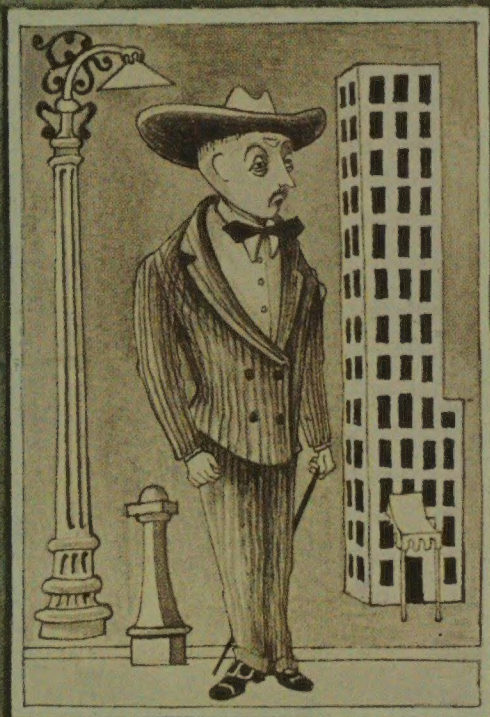
SCHWEPPSYLVANIAN ALBUM TAKEN ON VACATION



ABROAD



MOOSE CREEK



AT HOME



FAIRLY NATIVE ISLAND



NEW SCHWEPPSICO



EDINBURGH SCHWEPPSIVAL



GULF OF TOUGH-GOING

Who would think, to look at the absolutely ordinary *Schweppsylvanian* at home (centre) that he could be equally utterly ordinary, in fact a true Schweppsopolitan, everywhere else, impossible to spot in the capitals of the Western World (top left) where, as he points out, everybody dresses like everybody else anyhow. He is equally one of the people in the outlying playgrounds of Schweppsylvania itself, so that, as it is easy to see, he is at home all over, never giving away the fact that he is not a true native, not to say actually aboriginal, and leaving no unpleasant impression that he is on holiday, still less suggesting, by hint or implication, that he is there to enjoy himself.

Devised by Stephen Potter, drawn by Loudon Sainthill

SCHWEPPERVESCECE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

I say **SCOTCH**
is the drink



Yes, says the Barrister,
With my grasp of the facts,
I know Scotch is the drink
And, of course . . .



-it never varies

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is the Scotch